



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

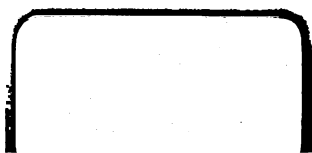
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

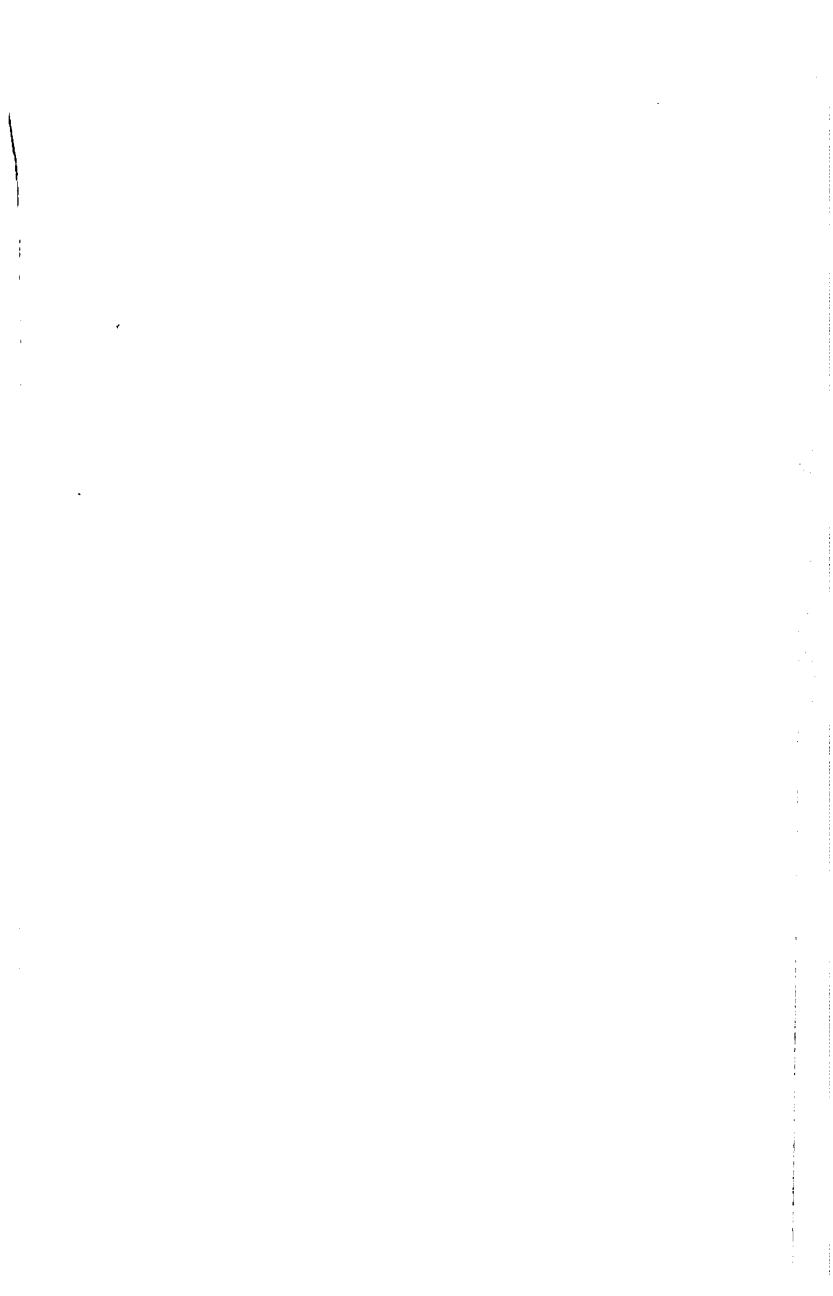
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

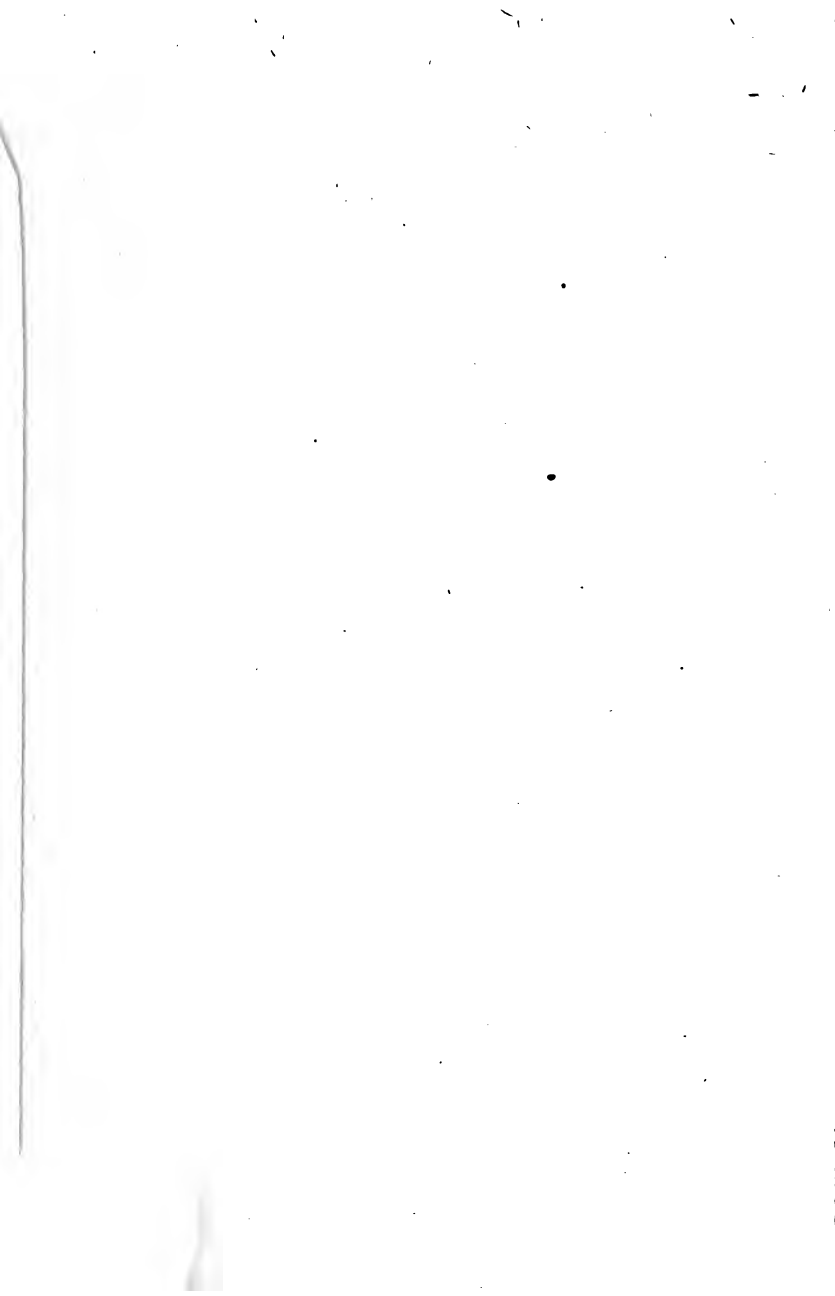
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



20
Jan







THE MAN-TRAPS OF THE CITY:

A YOUNG MAN'S WARNING

TO

YOUNG MEN.

BY

THOS. E. ^{Edward} GREEN.

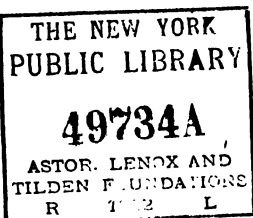
* * * * * look like the innocent flower
But be the serpent under it.

—*Shakespeare.*

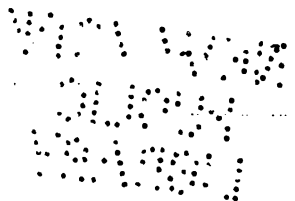
CHICAGO:

FLEMING H. REVELL, 148 & 150 MADISON ST.

1884.



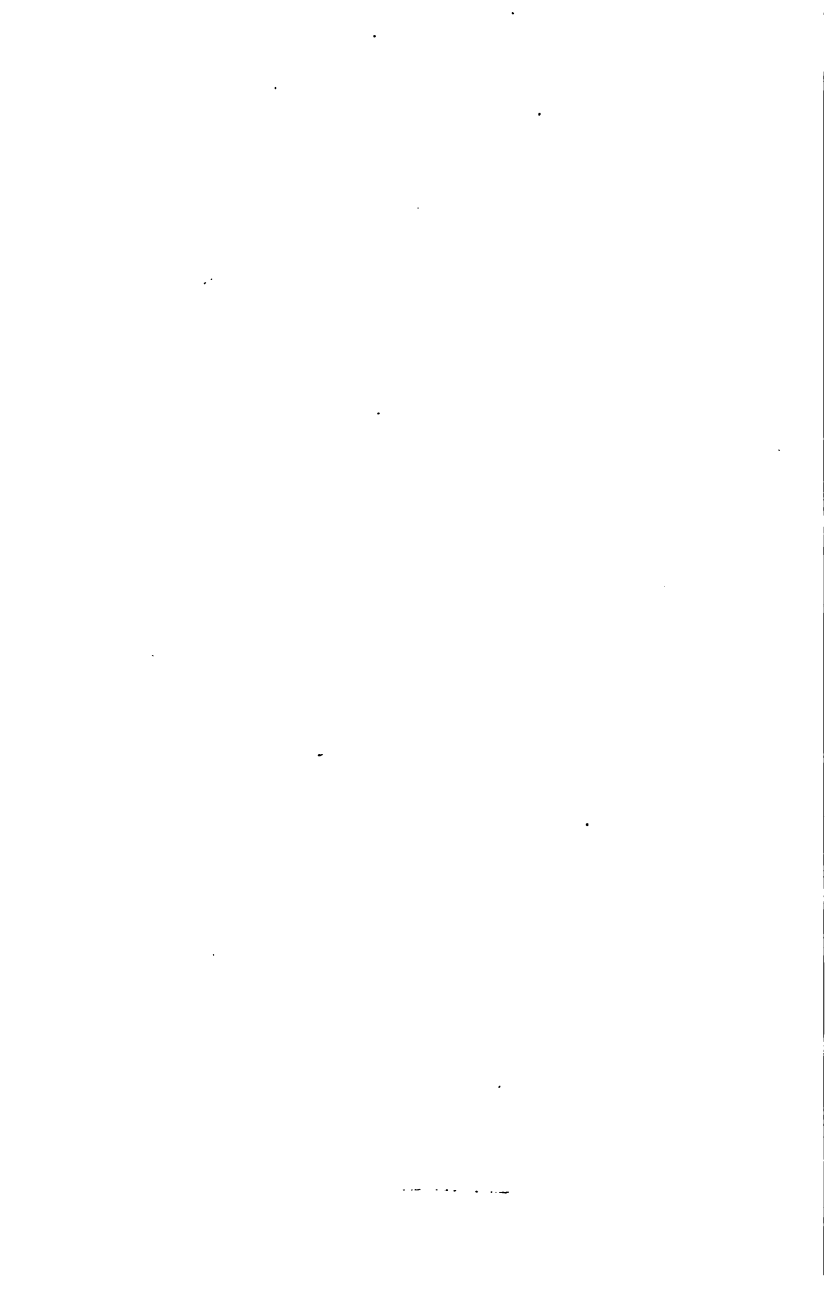
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by
FLEMING H. REVELL,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



129

THE MAN-TRAPS OF THE CITY.

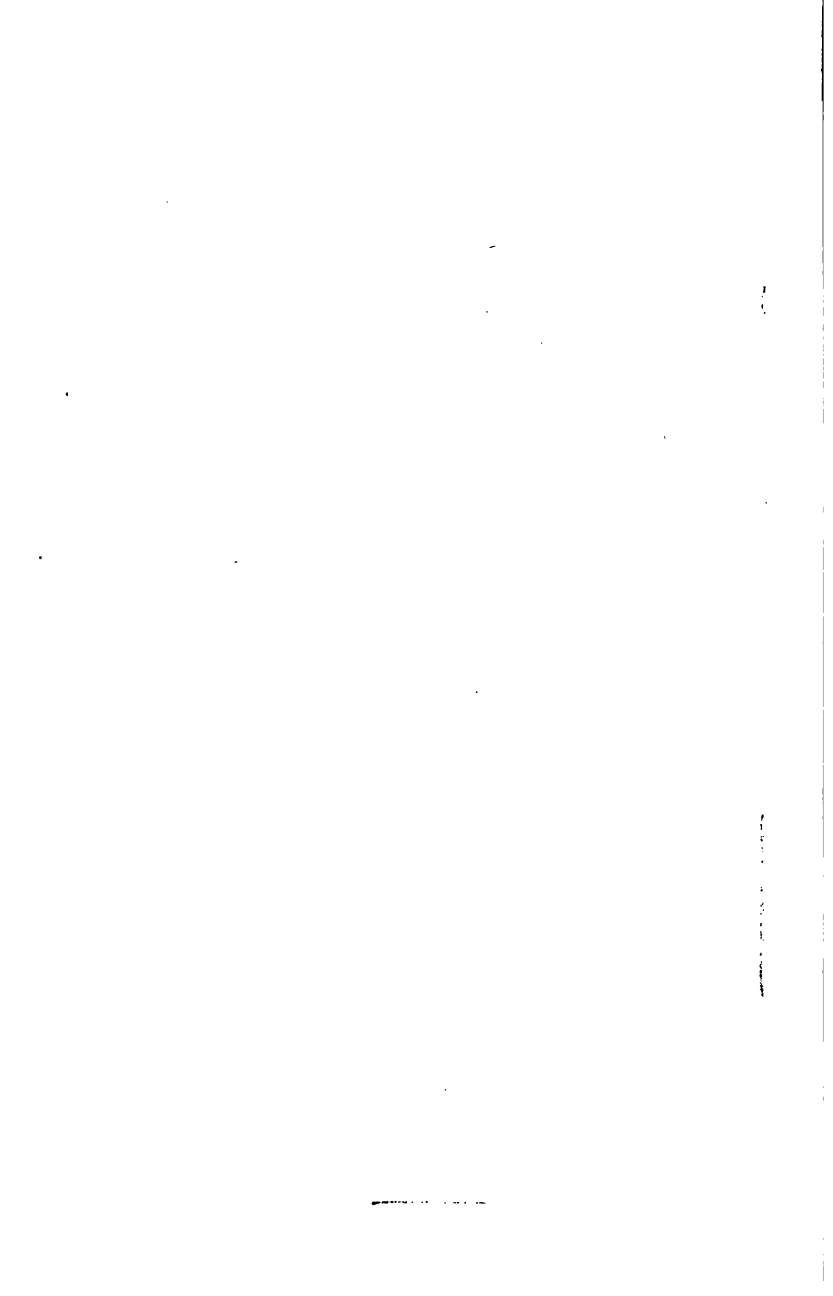
176 3.82



PREFACE.

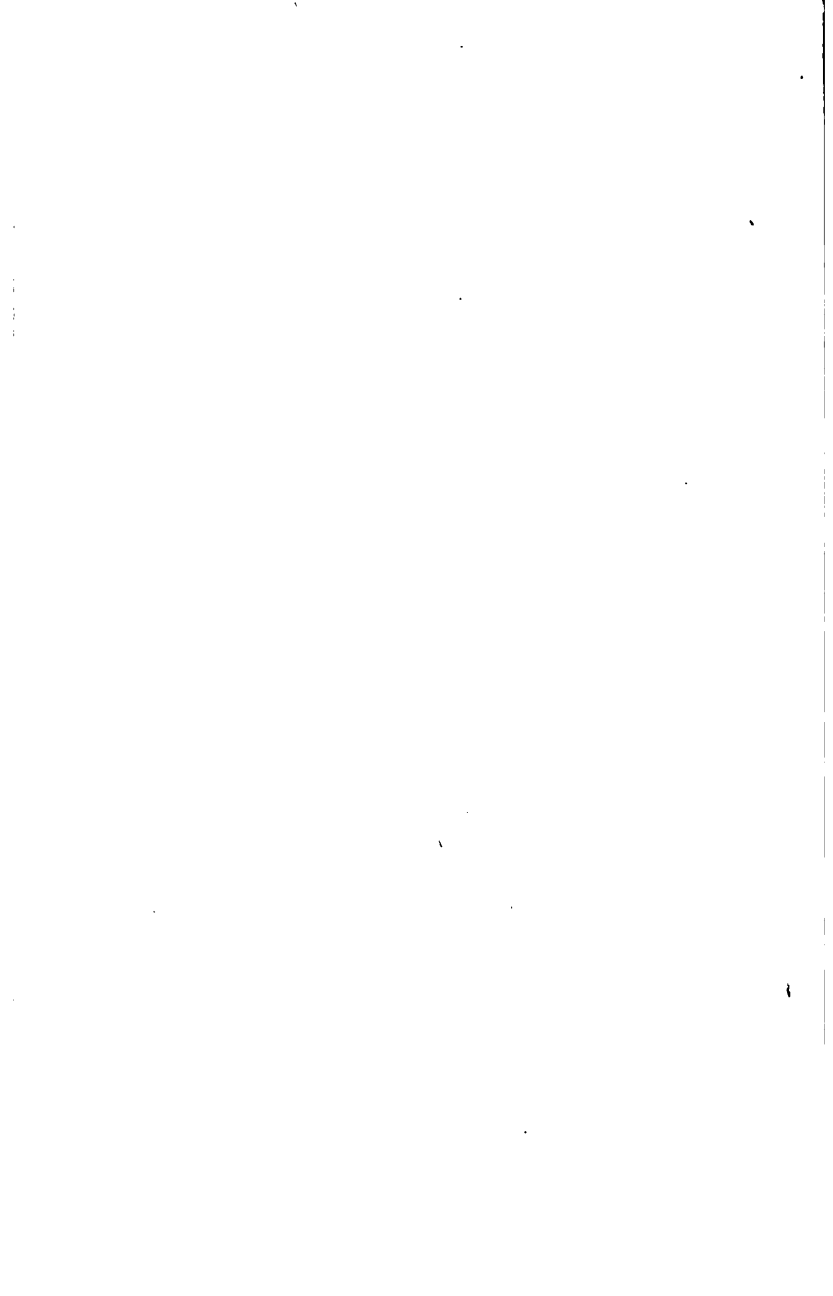
THE following words, spoken on some Sunday evenings past, were originally prepared, by personal exploration and investigation, for the young men of my own congregation. But the audiences who gathered to hear them have been so unexpectedly large, overflowing in each instance the possibilities of the building, that it has been deemed best to give these plain warnings the larger influence of this permanent home. They are published without change, just as they were delivered, and hence lack any studied care or revision. But they are sent forth with the prayer that God, for whose glory they were spoken, may bless them in saving some souls from the man-traps of sin.

CHICAGO, June 12, 1884.



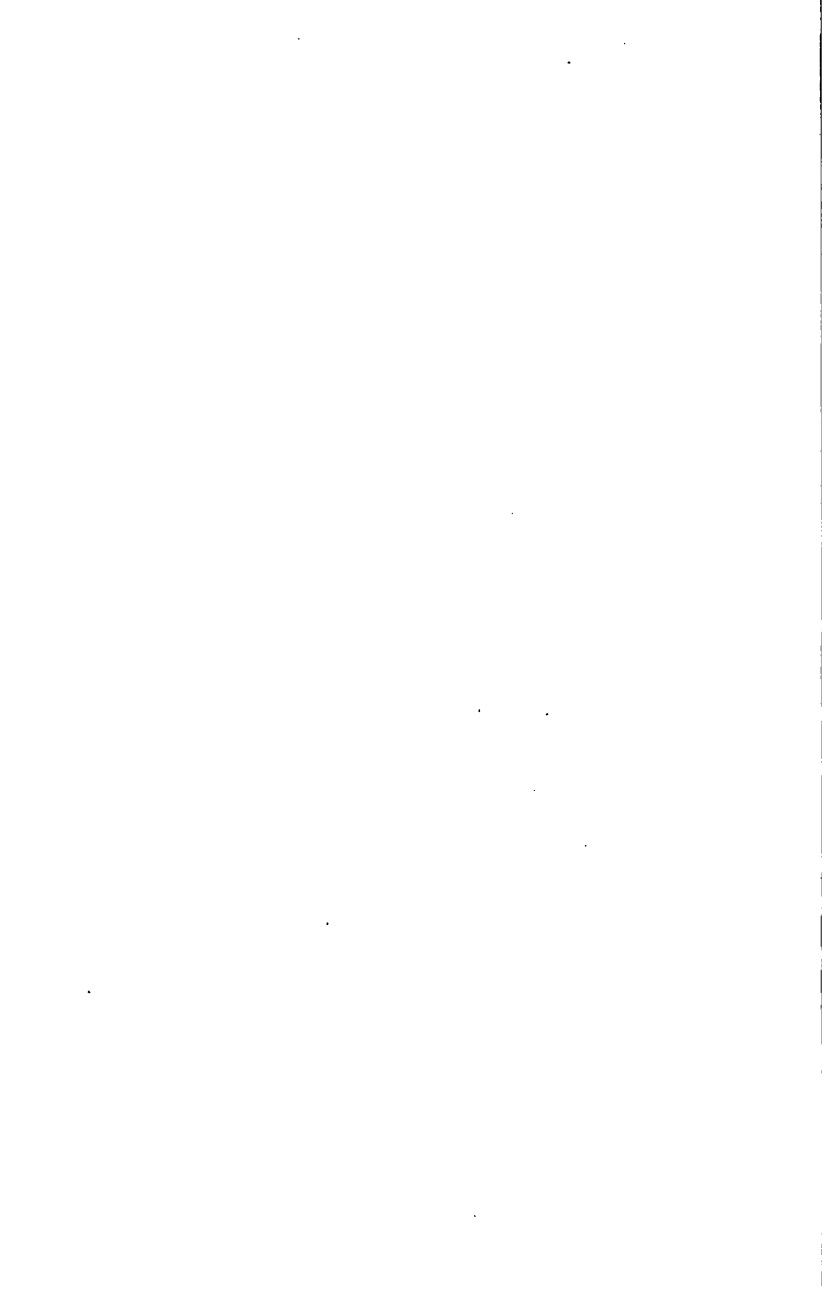
CONTENTS.

I. THE STREETS AND THEIR STORY,	-	-	7
II. THE TIGER AND HIS DEN,	-	-	25
III. CUPS OF FLAME,	-	-	45
IV. STEPPING STONES TO VICE,	-	-	69
V. THE SCARLET SIN,	-	-	89
VI. EMBEZZLEMENT,	-	-	109
VII. THE DEVIL'S PRINTING PRESS,	-	-	125
VIII. THE WAGES OF SIN,	-	-	141



CHAPTER I.

THE STREETS AND THEIR STORY.



THE STREETS AND THEIR STORY.

“Seest thou not what they do in the cities and in the streets.”
—*Jeremiah, 7:17.*

The prophet evidently knew what was going on in the city. He had gone up and down the streets by night and by day, and had seen the sins and iniquities of the people. The great city of Jerusalem lay like a putrid sore, filled with all manner of pollution and corruption. It had gone so far that the worship of Baal and Ashteroth, the divinities of the heathen Syrians, was openly conducted in the streets with all the horrid licentiousness of its drunken revelry. The time had come for a warning. Daily were the weak and wavering Israelites falling victim to the snares of outrageous lust. Her young men and maidens, with the freshness and warmth of young blood, fell by myriads into the arms of reveling idolaters. Purity and righteousness and the fear of God were forgotten, and the whole nation was tainted with iniquity. The time had come for the servant of God to speak. And he did it without mincing matters in the least. He knew he had to deal with awful corruption, and he went at it with no gloved hands or words of abstract generalities. Hiding no detail of its in-

iquity, he catalogued before the sin-laden people the awful record of their sin, and launched against their filthiness and impenitence the sentence of the condemnation of God. It was no pleasant task. To sing in sweeter strains the adoration of God and the beauties of holiness had been a far more glad-some work — but to sing of holiness in such a city had been like singing of springs amid the sands of the arid desert. Moreover, the word of God had commanded, again and again, "Cry aloud! spare not! lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgression and the house of Jacob their sins." There was

BUT ONE THING TO DO,

and that the prophet did in the name of his God.

I suppose an over-cautious but easy-going city cried out against the prophet who left his harp to throttle sin. I suppose its wicked inhabitants had a great many sneers and scoffs for the preacher who ventured to look in upon their wickedness; but he heard God's word and he did it; he called things by their right names; he showed them their awful filthiness; he witnessed their streets full of undisguised iniquity, and then he shook above them the thunderstorm of Divine wrath and the penalties of the broken law.

I have no other excuse or explanation for these explorations among the man-traps of the city. They are their own condemnation. The fact that they exist at every turn of our great city's life—

snare for the unwary, slime-pits of iniquity, defying righteousness, prostituting justice, breathing moral contagion—is reason sufficient why, before hundreds of young men, and through the printed page to thousands more, I utter a word of warning against the popular sins of the day and the night, the utter uselessness of municipal authority, the absolute paralysis of civil power, the awful grasp of corruption upon the law and those who are sworn to enforce it; and in the face of these things the defiant vaunt of evil in every shape leaves but one single line of attack that gives any promise of victory.

THE LYING MASK OF SIN.

Sin must be assailed in the name of God. Its colors must be shown, clear of the prism tints by which it dazzles and deceives. Its wages, hidden too often behind the screens of shame and misery, must be brought to light, and men warned in the name of facts, in the name of experience, in the name of God, against the man-traps of hell. This I purpose, God helping me, to do. There is a mask of deceit, an antiquated legend of splendor about sin and dissipation that is a lie. I want to tear it off. I want to show you sin as it is and it always must be, and from its actual facts of awful misery I want to read a warning.

THE NAKED TRUTH.

The announcement of these sermons has provoked considerable comment, both on the part of the

press and over-cautious friends. It has been said they will only excite curiosity and lead young men to investigate for themselves. Yes, they will; if baring the putrid body of a leper will lead a man to seek for leprosy, if opening a sewer will lead a man to seek to inhale its poison. I shall throw no romance about sin. I shall make no lights of mystery sparkle about its snares and entrances to ruin. I shall spring the trap and show its teeth of death, and in God's name and by His grace I shall warn a generation of young manhood away from the yawning gulf of ruin. I shall say nothing here that shall bring a blush to the cheek of innocence and purity, but I pray God I may set on fire the faces of the men who directly or indirectly are responsible for the corruption, the lawlessness and the awful sin that rule defiant in the streets of this city. And I hope to open before you the opportunities and the duty of labor for the fallen, that call, so much in vain, on every hand. It is easy to talk, but to talk to the hungry man of bread is to mock his hunger. The churches are filled with talk, but all about us are the thousands of the fallen and the perishing that need help. Two hundred thousand men and women in Chicago to-day are slaves to sin and hell. Oh, God in heaven, teach us how to save them!

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

The clocks had struck ten when we rolled away from the door where the carriage had waited, to

read "The Story of the Streets." Overhead the sky was covered with heavy clouds that showed black and inky above the glare of the gas that lighted up the broad avenue. Do you know how short a step reaches from comfort and luxury to misery and want? Within sight of the home where in peaceful sleep innocence and purity reposed, the great night side of the city was beating its billows like a stormy sea beneath its sky of darkness and of gloom. Leaving behind us the avenues with their gleaming lights, our way led across the city's center, where in sombre silence the great genius of commerce slumbered through the night. Where all day long the pavements clattered with the rush of busy feet, now all was changed. There was no eager tread of business, no flurry of excitement, and yet all was not silence.

The old legends tell of a dual life that walks the earth; how in the shades of night, when all else is slumber-bound and still, another life comes out and fills the night with weird events. The elk-folk, hidden all day in earth caves and crannies, now come out and fill the sleeping earth with a weird, unnatural life. The old legend has a sort of awful reality here in our darkened streets, for when the day is spent, and the life of business sinks to rest, and the great buildings darken into shadow, another life comes out and passes to and fro in the darkened streets and plies its concerns in the silent shadows. It is a life of sin and of shame. We pause a

moment, and watch and listen. Now and then a belated passer-by hastens with hurried step, but it is almost noiseless—this night life on these silent streets.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Here and there, there are figures standing within the shadows. A young man emerges from the building, where late accounts have kept him long after the hours of accustomed toil. A dozen steps, and he is accosted; there is a rustle and a voice, and then may be a woman's laugh ringing out with strange echo in the darkness. They loiter along with slow step, and together are lost to our view, and the night covers up this silent trap of hell, whose snares are spread for unwary feet.

A little further and we drive hurriedly across the glare, where the crowds flow along the great night arteries of the city—a motley crowd, vastly differing from the daylight throng. There are hundreds of young men, scores of young women, whose days are spent in shops and behind counters, and whose nights court ruin in the streets.

The air is noisy and the lights are dazzling; here and yonder are those brilliantly lighted stairs that lead up into apparent gloom, for all the curtained windows show by their darkness. We are to enter after awhile, but to-night our journey is farther on, and already the lights are growing dimmer and fewer. A sudden turn and we are off the wider street and apparently plunged in rayless gloom. A

little, and light comes back. We are in a narrow street, with only a flickering light at long intervals; the street is unpaved and piled with heaps whose odors are of filth and pestilence; long blocks of tenements are on either side, where from garret to cellar, so says our guide, humanity is packed and crowded. From far up in this crazy rookery comes the cry of a babe and the crooning as of a mother trying to soothe it to rest. Next door is a building ablaze from top to street, while from behind curtains of flaring red comes the harsh tone of discordant song. Next is a rum cellar, whose smoky windows and dingy light look like a flue of Tophet. But here we are in the black hole of the city, with life and vice and filth packed blocks square all about us; the very streets unkempt, breeding contagion, the air thick with corruption, and vice of countless, nameless forms on every hand.

THE FILTHY STREETS.

I shall have something to say when the time comes of the miserable condition of these sections of the city as conducive to vice. If out of the teeming centers of Oriental life the Prophet of Mecca learned that "cleanliness is next to godliness," we only need a look at this great cesspool of our city to learn how potent an influence filth is for vice. And there is no need for it. With the tax paid in this city honestly expended, and freed from the jobbery of political knavery, there is no reason why any section of the streets must fester with filth

and hide its vice in darkness. Still less is there reason, if law were of any concern or municipal authority cared to cope with sin, or property-owners were honest in their life to righteousness, that the homes of respectable poverty need be defiled and polluted by the presence of open and notorious sin. Children must grow up here under the very shadow of the brothel and the grog shop and breathe an air whose very substance is corruption.

But we are going farther on. The street beyond is lighter, but its brightness is the red glare of sin. There is plenty of life here; much within doors, whose sound comes easily to the outer street. Groups of men and boys are all along the way and life is at its height, although the midnight bells have rung. In the daytime all is silent here and still. It is the night side of the city, and its lights and its deeds are fittest for the night and its gloom.

We entered these haunts of vice and looked upon their revelry and sin, but I must postpone for a time any words of what I saw or what I thought. I have undertaken to read for you the story of the streets as I read it through that midnight drive. It has many chapters and many characters. It is a romance where comedy and drama and awful tragedy mingle and interfold. I could not read it all, for I was heart-sick of sin before my guide had reached our journey's end. But let me tell you some things I read as we rode along.

VICIOUS IDLENESS.

I read of the awful lack of purpose in our popular life. I stood in the glare of the street and looked upon the faces of the throng that flowed with ceaseless stream along its way. Here and there was one whose face and step betokened some concern, but the vacant face and laggard step of these great throngs of men and women showed as plainly as words might have told that they had no concern but pleasure, no end but living, no master but the flesh. They were looking for something to fill up the night, and with wily snare the devil traps thousands who with listless feet walk into his shining doors because they have nothing else in mind.

It is the old story: "The idle brain is the devil's workshop." The life that simply works to live, and that only six hours, if six hours will keep the body, courts the devil for his master. And yet, go out among the thousands of young men in this city to-night, and let us question them as to the object of life, the thing for which they live, and you may well wonder at the multitudes who only live to live. No thought of anything above the body, no glimpse of anything beyond the sky—an animal life, serving only appetite and seeking only pleasure. Nor is it alone among the young. It is the poison of the air we breathe in this mad, rushing life of ours to-day! to-day! with its lights, its gayety, its pleasure; no care for to-morrow save a plan for its

life; no thought of the future; no dream of the soul. To-day—and then to die and lie like a clod, forgotten, crumbling back to earth. Oh, my friend! is that all of life? To spend the day in toil, the night in empty pleasure; our days for nothing, and our future in eternal poverty of soul. Oh, hear me preach the gospel of yourself, your better self; its possibilities, its powers, its future. Think what you may be, and then be it, by God's grace, and cheat the devil as you save your soul.

A LESSON FROM THE DEVIL.

But I read again how the devil fishes for men's souls. By every art, by every cunning, with all the charm of color and the harmony of sound, with every imaginable deceit and bait he lies in wait and fishes for men. And there's a great lesson in it for us who are trying, though ever so feebly, to win men back to God. I am enough of a fisherman to know that it's no manner of use to tie a horned toad to a pot-hook and throw it up and down in the water and expect the fish to come and hang themselves on it. It takes the daintiest bait to catch a fish, and the devil sets his baits with all the cunning of a sportsman. Wherever I went I found some attempt at color—red mostly, and flashy, but still a glare of color, from the gaudy mirrors and costly frescoes of the swell groggery up-town to the dive down the alley with its red lantern and its faded tissue paper; everywhere bait for the eye; and music everywhere. In every haunt of vice, in

every den of sin, music. It was screechy and discordant and awful, but it was a bait to snare the fool's ear and lead him to the devil's hook.

The devil has stolen our bait. We've been standing on the bank reading homilies on baked bass to the fishes down below and considering why they wouldn't come and be caught, while the devil has stolen our bait-box, and it needs no fish story to tell of his success. But hell has no colors save the raging of eternal fires; hell has no music save the groans of lost souls tremoloed with falling tears of anguish; brightness and harmony are the gifts of heaven, and the father of lies has stolen them for his traps of hell. I learned it, as I never knew it, down this night side of the city, and I promised myself that henceforth no grog-shop should outshine our church, nor should a dive of sin bait men from God with music. We want all that organ can thunder or silver trumpet send forth; all that string or wood can sound in tuneful numbers, here, where men bow before the Lord. And then, with the burst of sacred song, let the very earth shake with the music of the conquering church of God.

POLITICAL PARALYSIS.

But I read again the miserable farce politics plays for government. We have a municipal code of law; we elect—that is, somebody elects—officers to enforce it. Yet here, down this night side of Chicago, within two blocks of a police station, where the machinery of the law lay in polished inactivity,

I saw liquor sold to boys and girls. I saw men already intoxicated plied with drink, I saw open prostitution in the street, I saw gambling houses with scores of men passing in and out, and games in full blast; I saw the traps being laid, I doubt not for robbery and crime, and yet, except the man who sat beside me, I saw, in all my journey through that night, not a single policeman in or out of doors. The night was full of wickedness; the very air was black with crime; the police authorities, the city governments, know these things are there. They are sworn to enforce the law. And yet we read and can see in the story of the streets this fact, which I charge here in the face of this city, that the sin, the wickedness, the lawlessness and the crime of this night side of Chicago are due either to police stupidity or police complicity. And the police take their orders from somewhere, and they obey some power above themselves, and I lay on the threshold of this city government for you and for myself this question: "Why are not the laws enforced?" Don't tell me they can't be. I know these people fear a blue coat and a club as they fear death. The blue coats are not there though; sin and wickedness know their freedom down these streets, and the question we would ring out with voice and pen is this: "Why, in the name of right, in the name of humanity, for the sake of our homes, in the name of God, are the laws not enforced in this city?"

BLOOD MONEY.

And again, there is here the story of the unscrupulous greed of gain. I will only touch it for a moment; I shall have more to say of it in the right place. The friend who sat beside me said: "Do you see that building with the red transoms and the lights all over it?" The man who owns it is a prominent citizen on the West Side; he is worth half a million; he claims to be respectable, owns a pew in church, has a family—and yet he built and rents that building for brothels and saloons. Is it so? is it so? And that building belongs to a city officer, and that to an alderman, and that to a wealthy lady.

Can this be so? Then, in God's name let it be known. These things I found, and when the time comes I can tell what I saw. Only this now: the man who will let his building for a saloon is equally bad with the man who keeps it; the man who rents his building for a brothel has the taint of it on himself, and it is due to society which he deceives, that the mask of lying respectability which he wears be torn off and the cheat exposed. And the man who will so compromise himself to get gain, must not answer if I set his name above his work.

A LIVING DEATH.

I marked most of all in these streets the presence of death. They were full of dead men, of dead women, of corpses, walking, talking, jesting

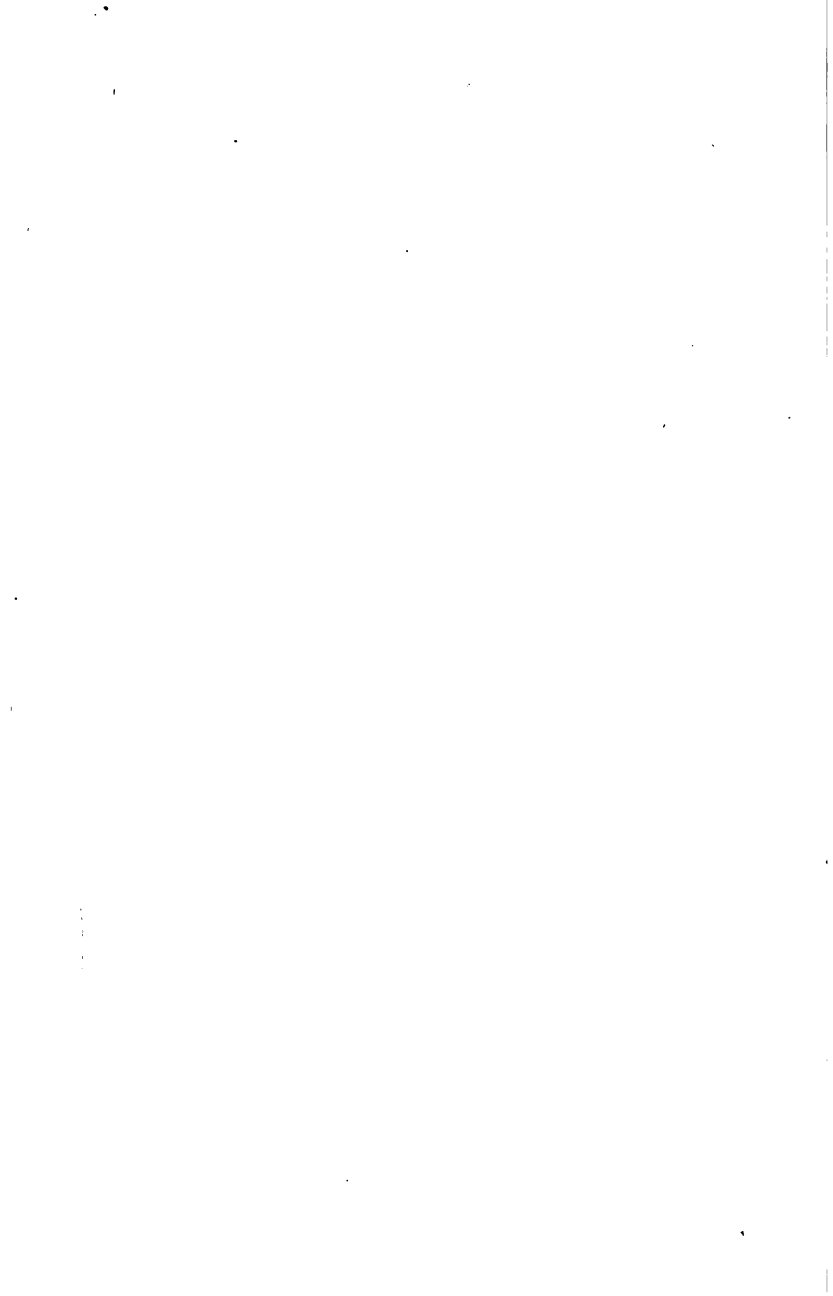
in loathsome death. Do you remember Valjean's dream in "Les Miserables?" How, conscious of his crime, he slept, and sleep revealed to him the death of sin. He dreamed he was at Romainville, a little garden park near Paris, full of flowers and music and pleasure. But as he in his dream comes to this domain of revelry, the flowers, and the trees, and the very sky, all are of the color of ashes. Leaning against a wall he finds a man at the corner where two streets meet. "Why is all so still?" The man seems to hear not and makes no reply. In amazement Valjean wanders on through vacant rooms and courts and through the gardens, all the color of ashes, and finds everywhere silence; by the fountains, in the pavilions, everywhere these silent men and women, who have no answer to his questions. In horror he endeavors to fly from the ashen abode of terror, when, looking back, he finds all the inhabitants of the lifeless town suddenly clustering about him, and their ashen lips open, they cry to him: "Do you not know that you have been dead for a long time?" And with a cry Valjean awakens and feels his sin. So I saw in these ways of sin dead men all about me. Beneath that silken robe and sparkling necklace, loathsome death; behind that laugh and empty jest, a dead man; walking, talking, drinking, feasting, and yet dead. Dead, and yet alive. Living, and yet dead. Oh, my friend, is this your bondage? Dead in sin, helpless in habit's chains, snared in the man-traps of hell.

"Do you not know you have been dead for a long time?"

And yet, oh, hear it, yet there is life; for one hath spoken who can break the bars of death:

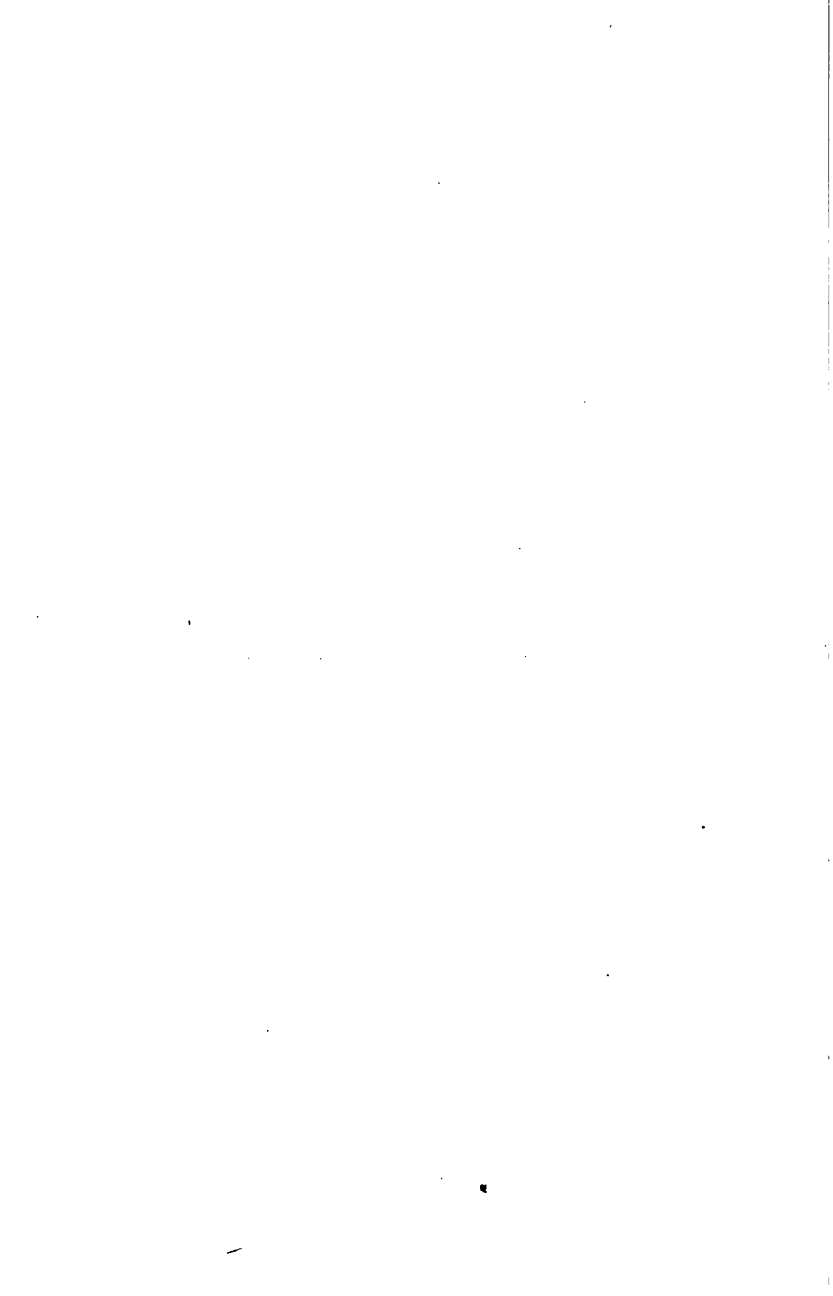
There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

Oh, look. Turn from sin. Be saved from death.
And let the arches of heaven ring with the shouts of
the redeemed over a soul snatched from the traps of
hell.



CHAPTER II.

THE TIGER AND HIS DEN.



THE TIGER AND HIS DEN.

“Provide things honest in the sight of all men.”—*Romans* 12:7.

He who endeavors to ascertain the circumstances and data of crime must expect to be surprised in many ways. Indeed, it is a problem that is most difficult to answer, this hold that sin, and after it crime, in particular instances, has upon human life. There is no man who, in an hour of sober, rational thought, will not admit, without a word of argument, that any of what we call the popular sins are absolutely certain in their ruinous results upon character and life. For a man to touch drink, unless, perhaps, he be the man who sells; for a man to touch gambling, unless, perhaps, he be the man who runs the pit where others cast in, means in the end temporally, mentally, physically, but one thing, and that simply—ruin. Men know it, and yet men drink and gamble as determined as if they were not courting ruin and doing spiritual suicide.

THE INSANITY OF SIN.

Ah, it is a wondrous mystery, this tyranny, this mastery of sin upon human life, and there is not enough sin, either, to accommodate the stark mad-

ness of human life. There must constantly be new opportunities for sin contrived—new games for the gambler, new drinks for the tippler, new filth for the libertine; there is no fashion bureau of earth half so busy as are the powers of hell inventing ways of sin for human life. But the talent the devil has at his command is inexhaustible. He simply turns human nature upon itself and gives it free sweep to pour itself forth in wickedness, and it needs no commentary save daily life to tell of the desperate wickedness of the human heart.

Men pride themselves always on their sense, and it is a marvel that with eyes open and wits at work men will deliberately walk into blazing fires that they know will burn life to the bone and sear the very soul. Yet they do; and the young man who goes out from his home and walks to the saloon or the gambling house or the den of vice; the man who puts to his lips the poison of drink, or takes the first step in sin, knows—not thinks, but knows—that he is pushing out from shore in a current whose speed no strength can stem, and the deafest ear can hear the roar-of-death sound of the dashing cataract.

It is a mystery, a strange puzzle, this madness, this insanity of sin. And nowhere is it more apparent, and yet nowhere is the stream of ruin more thickly crowded with whirling, helpless craft than through the rapids of gambling.

I have walked with safe company through the den of the tiger, and viewing him unawares I have seen his claws and his grinding teeth.

THE TIGER'S DEN.

Who saw the sameness perfectly enough to first name the tiger and his den I do not know, but it is an apt phrase; it means a great deal; it warns men away from the danger that is written above the very door of entrance: "Take care for your life." A man has no business in a tiger's den, nor can he hope to be much more than a pile of picked bones when he comes through, and he is surely a fool who walks boldly in and dares the tiger in hope of carrying away his claws for jewels. Yet I found the dens full of madmen waiting to be picked, and there were piles of bones all about.

CAN'T I GO?

And just here one word of comment concerning a criticism that has been sent me regarding this method of combating sin. It is said: "Will not the fact that you have been in these dens of vice be an excuse for others to go, who may thereby be harmed? May not others say: 'You were there, why not I?'" I answer: No man can excuse any contact with sin save as duty directs it. The physician may go to the small-pox hospital, must go to the sick ward to study the disease, its symptoms, its progress, its cure. His mission is sacred as it strives for the salvation of life. But for you to put

a foot into a pest-house is more than folly, for you have no business there; you court ruin and death.

So, young man, if in the name of God, duty, sacred duty to yourself and your fellow-man calls you, go! He who kept Daniel among the lions will keep you even in the tiger's den. But if you have only morbid curiosity, if you inerey want to see, to explore, keep away. You are walking through a moral nitro-glycerine factory, and a single misstep may blow you into shapeless ruin. It can do you no good to handle fire. It will only burn your fingers and leave scars.

THE GAMBLING HALLS.

We drove at once to our journey's end, when we started to see the gambling hells of the city. The streets were full of crowded life and hurrying concern, but we were in definite quest and drove hurriedly by. Our guide talked as we drove along of gamblers and gambling. There are three sorts of gambling houses in the city, all of them varieties of the same striped beast.

There are, first, the free-to-all houses, where any one can go and play anything, where any game is fully prepared as to paraphernalia and machinery, and where any amount can be wagered, small or large, by any one who chooses. Then there are the private games, where only those who are known or have some introduction to the proprietor can go; then there are the countless clubs and private gambling-rooms, where a few men of means and position

have fitted up apartments and appointments for vice where they spend the numerous lodge nights and pressing business engagements noted on the calendar at home. Here the play is without limit, fortunes are lost and won; bank failures and business defalcations necessitated; all sorts of rascality and dishonesty and crime perpetrated under a mask of respectability and deception of secrecy.

There are very few, if any, brace games and crooked establishments in the city. Although the police could not stop them, the gamblers themselves, with a sort of honor among thieves, put a stop to them and rendered a decree that all tables must be straight play. And they mostly close on Sunday. There are few games in public houses on Sunday, but the high-toned private establishments are generally in full blast all day. Are there many prominent men who play? Plenty of them, men whom you would hardly suspect, are heavy players. There is Judge—but here we are, sir. Up these stairs, please.

INSIDE THE MAN-TRAP.

The carriage had stopped amid the glare of the heart of the city, and under the electric lights in front of leading business establishments we alighted to see the great hidden lairs of sin. Under a doorway, whose number and transom made it easily recognized by any one in search of it, we mounted a flight of brilliantly lighted stairs, leading up apparently into the dark. We passed a heavy oak door

with elaborate bolts and bars, a signal bell, all the paraphernalia of resistance, but it was wide open—no need for resistance when there is no opposition—a significant fact for our thought, that no matter what may be our purity in anything else, the gambling houses can stand with open doors in the very heart of the city. We do not need to ring for entrance, for we have already been heard, and the inner door, after a moment's scrutiny through a trap, swings noiselessly open, and we are in the tiger's den. The room is well filled, but all is quiet and still save the click of the checks on the table and the rattle of the dice on the board. All are breathlessly intent on the turn of the game, where gain is possible, and there is no greeting save a nod from the proprietor, who recognizes us with the easy friendship of the bait of sin. There is a bar, where liquor is served to any one who wishes, free, and in any quantity; there are vacant chairs and waiting tables—all the possible enticements to joining in the exciting occupation of the place.

THE WORKINGMAN'S HELL.

A block away another place may be a type of another class of dens. It was crowded with men and boys, nine in every ten workingmen. Here were the threadbare clothes, the calloused hand, the few dollars of stakes, but the same strained, intense excitement that showed the intoxication of the play. Every conceivable game had its cluster of gamblers, from the familiar wheel of fortune, where men

sat by the hour betting where the whirling wheel would stop, to the more pretentious faro and rouge et noir, that gambling France has sent over for our man-traps and their prey, all ready to grind the golden grist into the coffers beneath.

We went that night into all the leading houses of the city. We saw from five cents to five thousand dollars piled out on the board, but it was all the same in its world of excitement, its strain of expectation, and in its inevitable result.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

And just a word about the number and location of these tiger dens of sin. It certainly is amusing, to say nothing of the indignation the falsehood kindles, to read in the public print the complacent statement of the mayor and superintendent of police of the city, that there is "no gambling in Chicago, or, at least, that they have no official knowledge of it." I quote from an interview, reported in a recent issue of a daily paper, in which both of these officials made this astounding statement. Now, I do not believe in magnifying our municipal iniquity, nor "slandering the city," as some of our public officers complain we are doing. The plain truth is bad enough, God knows, but what shall we think of such a statement as that on the part of men who are supposed to be the conservators of public morals and the executors of law. "No gambling in the city," when either the mayor or chief of police knows that within a square's radius of the corner of

Clark and Madison streets, there are a dozen or more notorious gambling houses open every night, where mechanics, clerks, laborers, "green" foreigners, countrymen, all sorts of people are being drained of their money every hour in the twenty-four. What shall we conclude of official honor when such a statement is made in the light streaming from a dozen wide-open doors, where one can almost hear the rattle of dice and the click of ivory in the street below?

AN "OFFICIAL" FALSEHOOD.

No gambling! I want to write here and now, in the face of this city government, another fact that may be laid upon the threshold of the City Hall, that you and I know that there is open, notorious, lawless gambling every day and night in this city, and that whatever these gentlemen may mean by "officially," they know it, too; and further, that you and I know that the reason why they do not know it "officially," is because they are afraid for political and "official" reasons to grapple with the gamblers' grip that is fastened upon the neck of city politics.

It needs plain words to face such facts, and let us not be afraid to say them, and most of all here, where the faith that teaches men honesty and purity cries out against the awful cowardice and corruption of municipal official prostitution.

I have stood in seven gambling dens in the center of this city and seen them in full blast, melting

character and reputation and honor and future and money and hope and love in the lurid flames of hell.

I stood there because I wanted to be able to say in the face of such denials, that an official falsehood was spoken in the face of the people. There are gambling dens, scores of them, and because there are, because they are man-traps of hell, because they are snares for your sons and our young men, because they are training schools of forgery and defalcation, because they are whirlpools of ruin, does it not become your duty to get up out of the miserable, cowardly, non-committal laziness into which three-fourths of the professedly Christian voters of our city have fallen, and send up a cry that shall wake the very earth against the administration that openly permits and then falsely denies these man-traps by the public way? It is but self-defense to every banker who employs clerks, to every merchant who intrusts his interests to other hands, to every father who has sons, to every man who loves righteousness, to join hands in the name of the right, and not to ask, not petition, not request, but compel—yes, compel—official negligence and corruption to take official knowledge of open crime.

HOW TO STOP SIN.

It is nonsense to bewail municipal sin; it is worse than stupidity to cry out to heaven against popular iniquity. There is an ocean of wickedness about us, and it will be there until you, the people, dry it

up; until the pulpits cease preaching exclusively theology and theoretical sanctity and preach common sense, practical righteousness; until our Christian men learn to put the primary election right beside the prayer meeting in importance and sacred responsibility; until good people take a little time from Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and read the *Times* and *Tribune*, the *Inter Ocean*, the *Journal* and the *Herald*, and know something about this city and its government; until men learn that of equal value with the most sacred things of life, is the responsibility to God for the ballot, the ballot-box and the right and duty of making self-government. Get this great fact recognized and binding in the popular mind, teach the power behind government its responsibility and duty, and if you are true to God and yourself, we shall be spared the humiliation and shame of an official lie to shield public vice.

The gambling dens are here; the tiger ravages through all the hours; his dens are well enough known to trap hundreds of victims, and I purpose telling you some things I noted within these man-traps of vice.

MYTHICAL MAGNIFICENCE.

I want to say the old-time legend about the magnificence and splendor of these gambling houses is a myth and a falsehood. Of the houses I visited two were reasonably well furnished, two were barely respectable, the rest were filthy. In the most gorgeous ones I saw just such furnishing as I see any day

in the hall or vestibule of any well-ordered house. You have heard about the plate-glass, the marvelous paintings, the splendid hangings and upholstery of these places. All a legend. I did not see a picture but could be duplicated at any State-street auction house—mere daubs of color and gaudy frames, hangings and trimmings cheap and flashy, made to show up well in the gas-light; carpets, two new ones—places lately opened—the others worn, faded, covered with oil-cloth; in one place the floor absolutely filthy with tobacco-juice and cigar-stubs and dirt; in all of them a fog of cigar-smoke, and a smell of the whisky keg. But magnificence—not a bit of the genuine; nothing that would be much loss if an over-bold police squad should happen to raid the place. Nothing, young man, to compare in elegance or beauty with the parlor whose taste betokens your mother's or sister's touch. Nothing but a glare and a flash of color to be a bait for men's eyes and decorate the snare for their souls. The legendary splendor of these places of sin is a myth and a lie.

WHO WINS AND WHO LOSES.

I saw a walking parable of the certain results of gambling in the comparison of the men of the house with the men who played. Here and there about the tables were men in the attire and with the air of wealth and ability, but by far the greater number were in the seedy-worn garb of labor and poverty. In some of the places we saw some of

the gamblers in high life, but in most of them the proprietor was a walking illustration of the one-sided game of a gambling den. Sleek, trim, well-clad, dispensing liquors with prodigal generosity, he was plainly in no way doubtful of his income, while beside the table every face wore the anxious look that told of often and continued losses and a desperate endeavor to retrieve past misfortune—and it is merely the outward proof of the inward mathematics of gambling.

THE "CHANCE" IN GAMBLING.

Men talk of luck or science in gambling, and while there is the chance in anything, it is the height of folly to talk of any even game in a gambling houses. If two men make a wager where there are simply two possibilities—if men toss up a penny, chances are even, provided the coin is tossed fairly. But the fairest game ever played, so far as the individual gambler is concerned, is countless odds against him. Why, calculate a moment. Take this wheel of fortune, this roulette table, this faro deal; add to the chances of the table the chances of your play; get out from the excitement of play for a moment and coldly calculate the chances you have of winning, and then go and buy a sandbank to find gold, go and search a brick-yard to find jewels, go and strain the Chicago river to find perfume; but don't, I beg you, young man, in the name of common sense don't go and put your money on a gambler's board. You may win once,

you may win twice, you may be ahead for a while; but keep it up, and with a mathematical certainty in the end you lose.

ITS FASCINATION AN AWFUL DISEASE.

I saw the wonderful intoxication, the excitement, the fever of this sin. Gambling I do not call a fault as obstinate dereliction may be termed; it is a disease, a moral, a spiritual fever, that burns with fiercest heat in every vein of the victim's quivering form. It is a plague, and its ravages are as old as the history of the human race. The holiest of life cannot check its fierce flame. The dice rattled at the foot of Calvary, and men in all ages have clutched with trembling fingers for the gain of the gambler's play. With moral contagion it has spread through all life, until it is not alone the hidden den that hears the quick breathing of the man who risks all in some turn of chance. Social life is tainted with its touch, and it is an easy step from the parlor wager, with its laugh, to the gambler's table, with its curse.

Amusement and pleasure are all undermined by this corruption, until a horse race, a boat race, a ball game, things innocent and useful, are valued only as a chance for wagers and for gambling. Even the world of commerce has lost its head, and is whirling to-day in the dishonesty, the corruption, the moral leprosy of our stock boards and our produce exchanges, and with their gambling, their

cheating, their manipulation, all of a part with the ravenous genius of the tiger's den.

THE PLAGUE OF TO-DAY.

It is the universal, unbounded, all-devouring greed to be rich fast, to get gain in a hurry, to leave integrity and court gold at any price. Against this moral pestilence prevention is the best cure, and to you, young men beginning life, I cry: "Avoid the touch of this insanity of gain." Not alone the gambler's table, but whatever bears the slightest touch of dishonesty and fiction of value. Be content to be honest, energetic, devoted; develop the talent God has given you; make the most of your chances. No man ever failed in the end who found his place and filled it with all his power. Opulence may not come on quick wings, but when it comes it will wear no stain of dishonor. Its golden gleam will be the benediction of God.

And to you, in whose veins the blaze burns and throbs, there is but one remedy. The doctors have given up trying to cure the ague in Southern Illinois—there are too many swamps, too much muddy water, too much malaria. Only one sure remedy—emigration. All plagues are alike. So long as you live in the swamp of this wicked life of to-day will the plague burn in your veins. Only the high lands and pure air of God-fearing integrity, lighted by the clear sunlight of the grace of Christ, have the cure for this vice and its insanity of soul. Against

it and its results let me give you here these warnings:

WARNINGS AGAINST THE TIGER.

1. It is illegal. No man ever gambles but breaks the spirit if not the letter of the law. The man who lays a wager in a gambling house, who gives or takes a bet on anything; who hazards anything of value on any contingency of chance; who buys or sells, dependent upon the rise or fall, false or true, in any commodity, who buys a lottery ticket, who in any way risks anything of value upon chance, is a criminal to the law of God, and to the law of the land.

2. It is dishonest. The man who takes winnings from any game, or by any hazard, is a thief, and he who loses it is accessory to the crime. There is no doubtful middle ground about this thing. That which is mine as the result of labor or the reward of toil, is mine; that which is not, if I take, I take that to which I have no claim. Hazard is no title; winning is no ownership—I give nothing in return; gambling is dishonesty.

3. It is destructive. It unfits a man for any more constant, useful labor. Let a man breathe a little of the intoxicating air of speculation, let him handle the seductive apparatus of the gambler's craft, and how commonplace the yard-stick or the plow-handle or the ledger or the pen become. He loses enthusiasm for labor to feed this fever; he misuses

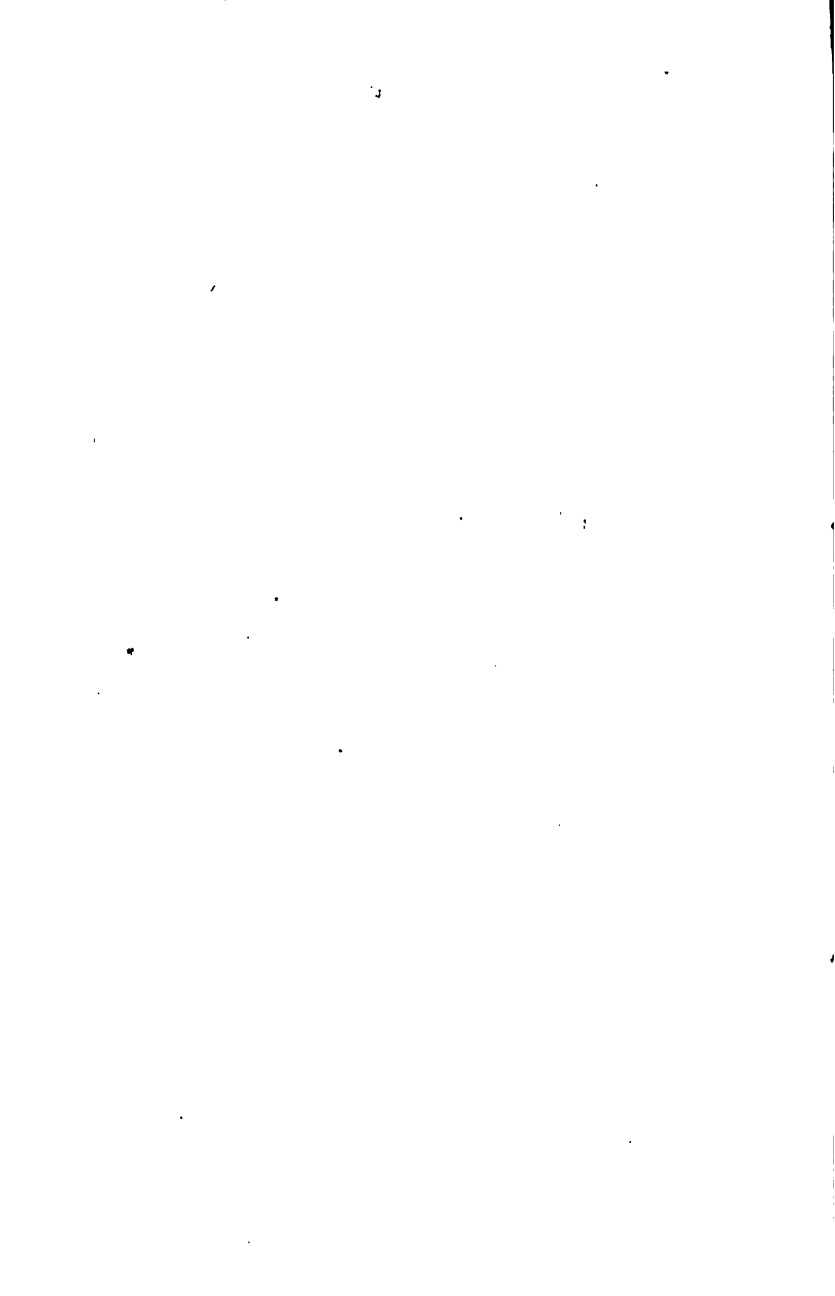
all that is his or his in trust. He destroys body, mind and soul only that he may feed the tiger with his life.

AT LAST.

4. It ruins at last. At last! There lies the value of all in this world, and at last the stake is an awful one for him who tampers with honor and risks himself to sin. A young man, the messenger of a leading jewelry importer, stood upon the deck of a steamer in mid-ocean. He was bearing across the sea a jewel of great price, not to be risked but by personal conveyance. The sky overhead was blue in its summer depths and the ocean around was placid and still as the ship sped away toward the West. He was looking over the ship's rail at the hissing current along the iron side as the vessel sped along. From somewhere came a thought (who can tell whence thoughts come?). He took from his breast the jewel, and looked at it in the sunlight as it burned like a star in its brightness. Then he looked at the water, speeding away; and then he laughed and walked away. A little, and he was back again in the same spot, the jewel in his hand. A sudden madness seemed to have taken possession of him, for he reached far out over the water and tossed the glistening jewel in the air, and caught it as it fell, there over the fathomless sea. And then he shuddered as he turned away and gasped to think—if he had lost it! In a few hours he was

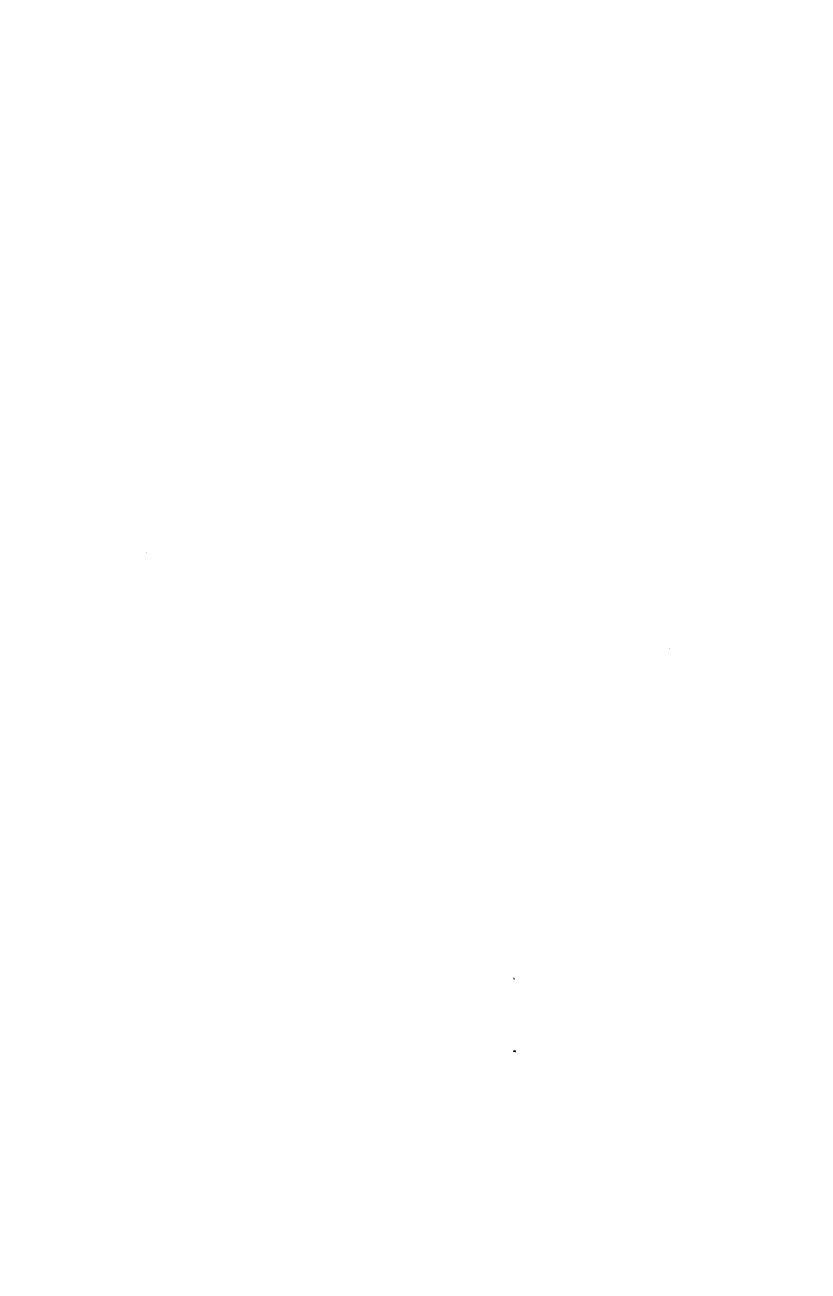
back again. A strange fascination hung about the daring of his recklessness. Again the jewel shone in the sunlight, and he caught it. Again—and he caught it. Still again—and he caught it. A mad intoxication seemed to chain him there. Again—and he caught it; again—and he caught at it, clutched for it, reached for it—but it was gone; his grasp had failed; and as he realized his loss and its senseless folly, reason faded and a gibbering maniac came home the monument of a fool's reckless daring. It was a jewel of great price, but what, oh, my friend, beside the jewel you imperil—an immortal soul? It is the stake that at last is kept or lost.

Only this single word would I add: You may gain all that the tables of earth may bear; you may amass treasure untold, and wealth uncounted, and still it may be but the price of a lost soul. For a gambler has but one cry at last, and it is that that echoes through the arches of eternal woe. And in that cry of anguish, if you turn from God, your voice must join, for through all the shadows of abysmal gloom there sounds the accents of that one sad wail, lost! lost! lost forever!



CHAPTER III.

CUPS OF FLAME.



CUPS OF FLAME.

“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.”—*Proverbs 20: 1.*

I purpose, by God's grace, to make this a sensational sermon. I am careful in making this announcement from the fact that some good people have been particular to discover as much concerning the last sermon, much to their dismay. One or two editorial writers, probably hard pressed to fill up their assignments, have devoted considerable space to criticising the sensationalism of such sermonizing, and some good friends have said, “Don't you know that the papers are calling you sensational, and a great many people are criticising you for preaching such sermons?” So I want to spare the necessity of any such comments by saying as I begin, that I shall preach a sensational sermon, and it will be sensational because, I trust, in a plain, unmistakable way it will describe facts.

A SENSATIONAL SERMON.

Facts are generally sensational. Theories are seldom so. Generalities are never very alarming, but specifics are constantly pointed. To cry aloud,

"Some one is dishonest!" will not awaken a sleepy Christian or a tipsy alderman from his doze. But to cry out with pointed finger, "Thou art the man!" generally causes a commotion. Now, the truth is, human life shows some alarming developments. It is deceitful, hypocritical, and desperately wicked; and to tell in exact terms its ailment, or to call a warning over its sweep downward into depravity and sin, is an awful thing to do.

There are two ways of warning men of danger. It is far more graceful and languid and elegant, and all that, to write a letter and say in general terms: "I understand the air is not very healthy near you, and it is a scientific theory that if you inhale impure air you will become affected. Perhaps you had better consider the propriety of moving." There is nothing startling about that. But I have a friend dear to my heart, and I know that next door, in awful contagion, the yellow fever is raging, and I see him already on the threshold to enter. Shall I then fix my mouth for a speech of "prunes and prisms?" Or shall I not the rather cry aloud, "Come back! Do not go there! The plague is in the house! The fever is there! Stay away! Stay away!" It will make some noise; it will make a sensation, but it will save suffering and guard human life. The man-traps hide moral contagion within their curtained portals, and yet you, my friend, press the threshold. In the name of my God, I have but one cry, "From hence! There is death

within that portal. I have seen its awful glare, though robed in satin and housed in splendor."

THE PLAGUE IS THERE

Stay away; stay away for your life! You may call it what you will, my doubtful friend, but I pray God it may be a sensation so deep and wide that by the power of Christ it may save a thousand lives from the woe and the wages of sin. And have you ever thought of the greatest preachers time ever knew? To make no mention of the prophets, whose words were like flame, our blessed Lord and St. Paul, his apostle, never had men go to sleep under the lengthened theorizing of their preaching.

Why, the principal charges made against them both by the slow, theoretical Jews was: "This fellow is a sensationalist. He goes around stirring up the people." And if you will read the first part of the Epistle to the Romans, you will find that St. Paul made no habit of saying forcible things in an especially elegant and general way. He assails sin, calls it by its name, holds up its awful outlines, and from them points away to the brighter beauty of the purity of righteousness. We need just that, dear friends. Less talk about sanctification and perfection and effectual calling, and more talk that means something about honesty and purity, and consistency and truthfulness; less endeavor to dwell upon towering summits of orthodox theory, and more to stand upon the rock, and reaching down to save

from death the perishing and the fallen. God help us to be sensational enough to lead men from wickedness to God.

I propose to show you "Cups of Flame," as I attempt to tell you of the man-traps that are hidden behind the brilliant lights and curtained windows of the saloons and grog shops of this great city. It has not needed much underground exploration to discover the number and influence of these snares for men's souls. It has come to such a pass of tolerance in Chicago that the saloonkeeper needs no shield or screen in his business, but considers himself, with his protective associations and his tremendous political influence, one of the leading and solid business institutions. There are in the city, 3,100 licensed saloons. There are no one knows how many unlicensed ones, dives, houses of prostitution, drug stores and groceries, where liquors are dispensed without the knowledge of the law. Let us be on the safe side in an estimate, and lest we unduly excite the official statisticians, say there are 900 of such places—a total of 4,000 places where liquors are dispensed. Taking the even estimate of 600,000 inhabitants—and any increase necessary in these figures is more than balanced by the low estimate of the number of saloons—there is one saloon to every 150 persons in the city—men, women and children. An average of five persons in a family will give

A SALOON TO EVERY THIRTY FAMILIES

in the entire city, or, if they were evenly distributed, a saloon at each end of every block on every street in Chicago. And yet they all survive, make money, and you never saw a sheriff's notice on any saloon door. In this same city there are probably 300 bakers, 750 butchers, and 1,750 grocers—or altogether 2,800 food stores. One store of the three sorts combined to every 214 people, or to every forty-three families. Three saloons to every two food stores, twenty saloons to every church, sixty saloons to every school, 400 saloons to every hospital, and over 800 of these life-destroying orphan makers to every place where the drunkard's child may find shelter and protection.

It is estimated by the report made to the Saloon-keepers' Association, that the income of the retail liquor dealers averages about \$100,000 per day in this one city, or considerably more than \$30,000,000 each year. That much money in clear cash drawn from the income and the wages of the men of this city. Deduct the women and children, make an estimate of the number of all the population who are probably total abstainers, and there is a saloon to every twenty-five of the remainder; and this 100,000 of population have a share, if an average be made, of about \$300 a year, or \$6 a week for liquor, year in and year out.

THE STATISTICS OF CRIME.

I take a leading city paper for my authority, as I enter for a moment the statistics of crime. Of all the vice and iniquity; of all the crime and lawlessness perpetrated in this or any other city, three-fourths of all is directly traceable to strong drink as a beginning.

Ask of the records of sin in any sort—the Criminal Court with its long docket of vice, the dishonesty and perfidy of defalcation and gambling officials, the pauperism and the wretchedness that burdens the city—and you can find its beginning marked on the saloon counter where the drink began. Go to the insane asylum, or stand by the Judge who hears the idiot laugh or the maniac shriek, and you may find seventy per cent. of these broken minds the direct result of drink.

Nor does the cost of it stop with these thirty millions taken from the homes and families of the city, for which nothing is given in return. The entire, or almost the entire, cost of the police and judicial government of the city is directly the result of the saloon and its traffic. Add together the cost of the police force and the police court and the jail and the bridewell and the poorhouse and the insane asylum, and the other institutions where the result of drink is four-fifths of the entire occupancy, and the city adds each year \$1,150,000 of the public funds, to follow up this thirty millions and pay the expenses of the men who take it from the drinking

population of the city. Thirty-one millions of dollars, to say nothing of the wholesale dealers who feed the legions all over the land. Thirty-one millions of dollars paid out, and in return disease, broken constitutions, driveling brain, loss of reputation, sorrow, shame, hunger, privation, suffering, death. And yet there is no business in this city that can compare with it.

And this fact I noticed, as I have opened this general line of statistics, that wherever I went among the vice and the sin among the man-traps of the city, I found facilities for drink. Other vices men separate. I did not see gambling in the house of prostitution, nor did I see harlots in the gambling dens, but I did see liquor in both. Not a dive, not a gambling house, not a resort of vice of any name, but was well supplied with its bar or sideboard loaded with poison for body and mind. And very few of the men and women whom I looked upon but plainly told in face and action of their heated mind and drunken body.

The other side of this same fact was equally striking—namely, that keen competition in the liquor trade has led those who sell to group about their business all the attractions the catalogue of vice can afford to lure customers to their cups of flame.

SCHOOLS OF SIN.

Not alone do they by every art cheapen and adulterate that which they dispense, that from a minimum of cost they may reap a maximum of

profit, but behind their business they deck out concert halls, mock theatres, whose displays of filth are baits to what still lies behind their scenes, every facility for the licentiousness and the sensual sin that can be induced in the imagination heated by the fumes of poison.

WHENCE IS ITS POWER ?

It is the saloon that is the gathering place for the thugs and the thieves of the streets, the desperate characters of lawless crime; it is the saloon where are planned the murders and the thefts and the arsons of the city's wickedness; it is the saloon that hears the pistol's click and sees the gleam of the blood-stained steel; it is the saloon that gathers about itself all the wickedness and the crime, from the defalcation of the young life, that through its door takes the first step in fast living, down to the lowest crime in the city slum; the saloon, the dragon's den of iniquity; the saloon, the entrance door to a thousand hells! Strong drink, the poison of a myriad lives! Intemperance, the mother of crime, the harlot breeder of vice, chief mistress of the devil, whether white or black, fashionable or low, robed in light or glittering colors, or filth-be-grimed and low in degradation—all the same, poisonous, ruinous, deadly everywhere.

There is a world of awful need about this liquor traffic and consumption that volumes could not tell. There are considerations for the Christian, the philanthropist, the statesman, the financier, any of

which are heavy with concern. There are avenues and opportunities of labor, too, countless, if but used, that might be outlined, but with Francis Murphy and his co-workers laboring in our midst, whom may God bless for their work, I may pass by much that I might say regarding the want and misery, the pain and suffering, the disease and death this accursed thing occasions directly and indirectly.

I may say nothing of the legal aspect of the question, nor of the relative merits of high license and prohibition. I am in that debate willing to take anything, and as fast as I can get it. I may pass by the infringement of our municipal law, only saying municipal authority passes it by too. I have seen liquor sold to men who could scarcely stand, to boys and girls in their teens, in a dozen places where I know there was no license or permission to sell. It can do no good to talk of these things now. The greater fundamental evil lies further back, and is irremediable until the people choose, by God's help, to clean out the foul corridors of municipal rule. I have now before me a more definite mission, as I endeavor to warn young men away from these cups of flame. For that, God give me words for their salvation.

WHY MEN BEGIN.

There will be, I suppose, comparatively few young men who would be willing to be called drunkards; few, perhaps, who are willing to say they are

habitual drinkers; but thousands I know who drink—occasionally, often, constantly. Just how a man begins to drink or why he keeps it up are riddles too hard to be readily answered. You tell me, young man, why you took a drink this afternoon. Did you need it? Did it do you any good? Did it gain you anything in any way? You drink more or less every day. Why or how did you begin? The first taste of whisky strangled you; the first glass of beer made you gasp and turn sick. Liquor of all sorts is at first nauseous to the human taste. You tell me why you began, why you keep it up.

Nine chances in ten you forced yourself to begin, because you had got the brainless idea that it was an attribute of manhood to drink. Many of you are beginning now with that idea in your heads, making yourselves drink because you think it is a mark of independence and manhood.

TREATING.

There is another cause of the thing, too, in this damnable American custom—a trick of the devil—of treating. I believe America is the only place where this show of hospitality is recognized. Go across the water and you insult a man if you ask him to come to a public place and let you pay for what he drinks. Here the custom is universal, and many a young man is established in intemperance, because he feels himself bound by a law of reciprocal generosity to treat. But whatever may be the reasons, it is a fact that by far the majority of our

young men in home and social and business circles drink. Drink, some a little, others considerable, all with a constant progression of habit.

I have one cry that shall ring with all the emphasis of fact in your ears as I call to you, Stop! Hands off! Don't touch it! It is only reckless daring to say the best. It can only harm you. Don't play with fire. It can only burn, and it burns deeper and scars the very soul.

Shall I tell you why I want you to stop, forever stop drinking all strong drinks? Shall I tell you, young man, why I pray you never to begin? Let me begin with the lowest possible reason, and let each truth which you cannot deny add weight to my warning.

I. IT IS EXPENSIVE.

What has the city to show for this \$30,000,000 paid last year for liquor? That is a tremendous sum to spend simply to gratify a fictitious and abnormal taste. And you contribute more to it than you imagine.

How much do you drink, young man—only a single glass of liquor, a couple of glasses of beer a day? Ten cents. Not much, is it? But in a year \$36. Kept at that same rate of ten cents a day would buy you the new suit of clothes you happen to be wanting just now; or if you only need luxuries, it would have put thirty volumes of useful books on your table, whose reading would have so sharpened your wits that you would not have had

to blush over your ignorance when you made such a stupid blunder the other night.

But how many of you stop with ten cents a day? Seldom but some friend is with you, and that happens about twice or three times a day, to say nothing of the evening out with the boys, or the quiet little time together somewhere. Fifty cents to a dollar a day toward making up the average of \$6 a week the drinking men of Chicago spend for the liquor dealers' poison. In a year from \$175 to \$250 wasted. It would buy you a good horse, young man, and the board you would save out in the edge of town would keep him for a canter through the fresh morning air in to business, and that would mean five years added to a busy life. It would carry a life insurance policy whose return would mean comfort for aged or bereaved life. Even saved and put away, in ten years it would cut a figure in your business that might be the making of it. Now, to say the very least, it is thrown away, for you do not need, do not require, the liquid flame whose fire burns at last a sore you cannot heal.

2. IT IS USELESS.

In the name of the best science and of the best medical thought, I venture the assertion that there is no part of this complex economy of man that is helped, aided or strengthened by alcohol in any shape. There is no particle in alcohol that makes blood, bone, sinew, muscle or flesh. It strengthens

in no way, for the system will not assimilate it, but simply carries it along the veins and arteries in the initial form of alcohol. You often hear men say: "I need a drink. I am worn out, broken down, tired. I must have a drink to strengthen me." All a fiction. Alcohol in any shape is not a strengthener, but debilitates and destroys. It is not nutritive, it is not digestive, it is not even tonic. It has one immediate effect. It is a stimulant, an excitant. It acts upon the governors of the body, and takes off their restraint, and, like a machine without control, the wheels of speech and thought and deed run furiously for a time, and then, like any machine run down, stops stock-still.

Finally, it becomes not even a stimulant, but sends all the man to earth, enervated and useless. And, though the immediate effects of stupor may wear away, a certain portion of the alcohol remains lodged in the body, not as vital matter, not assimilated in any way, but as crude, unchanged alcohol. It has been found, in examining the brains of men who have died in delirium tremens, that the very fiber of the brain was so charged with crude alcohol that it burned with a pale blue flame like a spirit lamp. There is no force of the body that can turn alcohol into anything but alcohol. It remains where it lodges, a liquid poison. And so it is not only expensive, but, worse than mere extravagance, it is useless.

3. ALL LIQUOR IS HARMFUL.

And out of this grows the third reason, greater than either of these other two—all liquor is harmful.

Alcohol pure and absolute is corrosive, and will peel the skin off any tender portion of the body. It is destructive to all vital matter, and hardens and makes inert the delicate tissues and fibers of the brain and other vital organs. If all liquor was merely diluted alcohol; if all liquor was pure, absolutely free from fusel oil, and made up merely of the fermented yield of vegetable substance, it would still be destructive to life and vital development.

Take the white of an egg, quite equivalent in substance to the fluids of the brain. Pour over it a little pure alcohol, or strong whisky, and watch the result. The albuminous substance will slowly congeal, and thicken and clot. It will lose its clearness, become stringy and compact, and finally harden. It is the chemical effect of alcohol on vital substance—exactly what goes on in your brain to a greater or less extent when you drink alcohol in any shape or form.

But you say: "All that I drink will not surely affect me." Two answers: First, it is morally certain that what you drink now is only a beginning of what will come after awhile; and second, you drink more than alcohol every time you step up to a saloon bar, I care not how pretentious, and drink the liquor dispensed there.

It is here that I have made investigation during the past weeks, in regard to liquors purchased in a dozen or more of the saloons of the city. In all cases the liquors purchased for me were just such as would have been sold to any casual customer, and such as are sold every day and night to hundreds. These have been carefully analyzed and examined, and chemistry has added her voice to this endeavor of exposing the man-traps of the devil.

Good liquor is expensive. To be prepared in the most approved way, to be carefully distilled, to be kept away a sufficient length of time for the fusel oil to slowly evaporate, means far too high a price for the common market. But whisky and brandy, new made, are unfit for consumption. They must have the color, the odor, the taste, that tell of long years of ripening. And so if you want an exceptionally good drink, the bartender will smack his lips and tell you something about 1848 and Kentucky. You may put that right down as a lie, and conclude that it was made from neutral spirits into 1848 Kentucky whisky in his back room last week, or at best last month in the wholesale house on Lake street. The evaporating dish and the test tube have some marvelous tales to tell about

THESE KENTUCKY (?) WHISKIES.

And just here I want to thank the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons for the service of its laboratory. I am sorry for the foul fumes

that must have gone up from these filthy mixtures, but I believe many a young man will thank the test tubes of this laboratory of science for his redemption from the curse of drink.

Now let me tell you what was found. In the first place, that the majority of the liquors were made from what is called neutral spirits, instead of being what it is called—corn or rye whisky, or apple brandy. And this neutral spirit is made, not by rectifying or distilling, but by taking the crude highwine, and pouring ten gallons of it upon five pounds of unslacked lime, with a little alum and sweet nitre added for flavor. The mess is stirred up, the lime slacks itself, the mixture is settled and strained, and becomes neutral spirits for the manufacture of forty-year old Kentucky whisky. And of it three-fourths of the common drinks are made.

Now for some of the liquors. On the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street a half-pint bottle of whisky was purchased. It was composed of about sixty-five per cent. neutral spirits—this essence of

CONCENTRATED LYE AND UNSLACKED LIME

—and the rest water, mixed up with glycerine, colored with burned sugar and cleared with arsenic, of which there was enough, if a man should drink a pint of it at once, to kill him in a minute. The flavor was probably the essence of bourbon, which is made by a secret process out of alcohol and acids,

producing a kind of ether. This particular sample had in it also, sulphate of zinc and chromic acid, probably a part of this essence of bourbon. That was old Kentucky whisky, forty years of age. What a nice mess to drink; concentrated lye—spell it lie if you like—glycerine, arsenic, zinc, chromium and plenty of fusel oil.

From the corner of Fourth avenue and Polk street comes a half-pint of gin. About sixty per cent. of neutral spirits; the rest water, glycerine, turpentine and blue vitriol.

SOME CHOICE WINE!

From a saloon a few doors away comes a bottle of port wine that is a marvel. The nearest it ever was to a grapevine was when it passed it on the cars. It has enough neutral spirits to keep it from spoiling; the rest is water thickened with glycerine and licorice, while the flavoring of this choice vintage is made of zinc, mercury, antimony and several acids, making, with the alcohol, a sort of chemical ether that would do a chemist's heart good to smell at.

A bottle of choice sherry, from Clark street, has the same neutral spirits, with a choice flavoring and coloring of lead, iodine, strychnine, muriatic and sulphuric acid, and arsenic to give it clearness and sparkle.

From a little farther up town a bottle of choice Kentucky whisky, from State Street, has in it, in

a little less quantities, sulphuric acid, arsenic, sulphate of zinc and fusel oil in abundance. Some gin, from Randolph and LaSalle streets, has carbolic acid and arsenic in addition to its turpentine and blue vitriol, to make it more palatable and delightful.

Perhaps as delightful a concoction as any, is a bottle of brandy, from Dearborn street, near Washington, made entirely of neutral spirits, water, acetic ether and burnt sugar. Choice old apple brandy, so reads the label. Are these all second-rate sa-loons? By no means.

From a place on Monroe street, between Dearborn and State, comes a screw-top bottle labeled "Fine old French Cognac, 1870." It turns out to be alcohol and water, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with "spirits of cognac," which is nothing more than acetic ether, made of alcohol, sulphuric acid, acetic acid and certain minerals, while arsenic gives clearness and sparkle. Plenty of plate glass and colored globes, and tiled floor, and costly oil paintings, can be bought selling such a compound at \$6.50 a gallon.

On Madison street, between Dearborn and State, they sell "old crow whisky," presumably quite pure and certainly very good. But just what sulphuric acid and acetate of lead, and arsenic have to do with old Kentucky whisky, I certainly do not know.

So went the list. Of all the liquors bought, only one single sample, and that expensive beyond the

popular ability, was pure and what it pretended to be. The whole thing is

A CONCENTRATED LIE, MONSTROUS BEYOND
BELIEF.

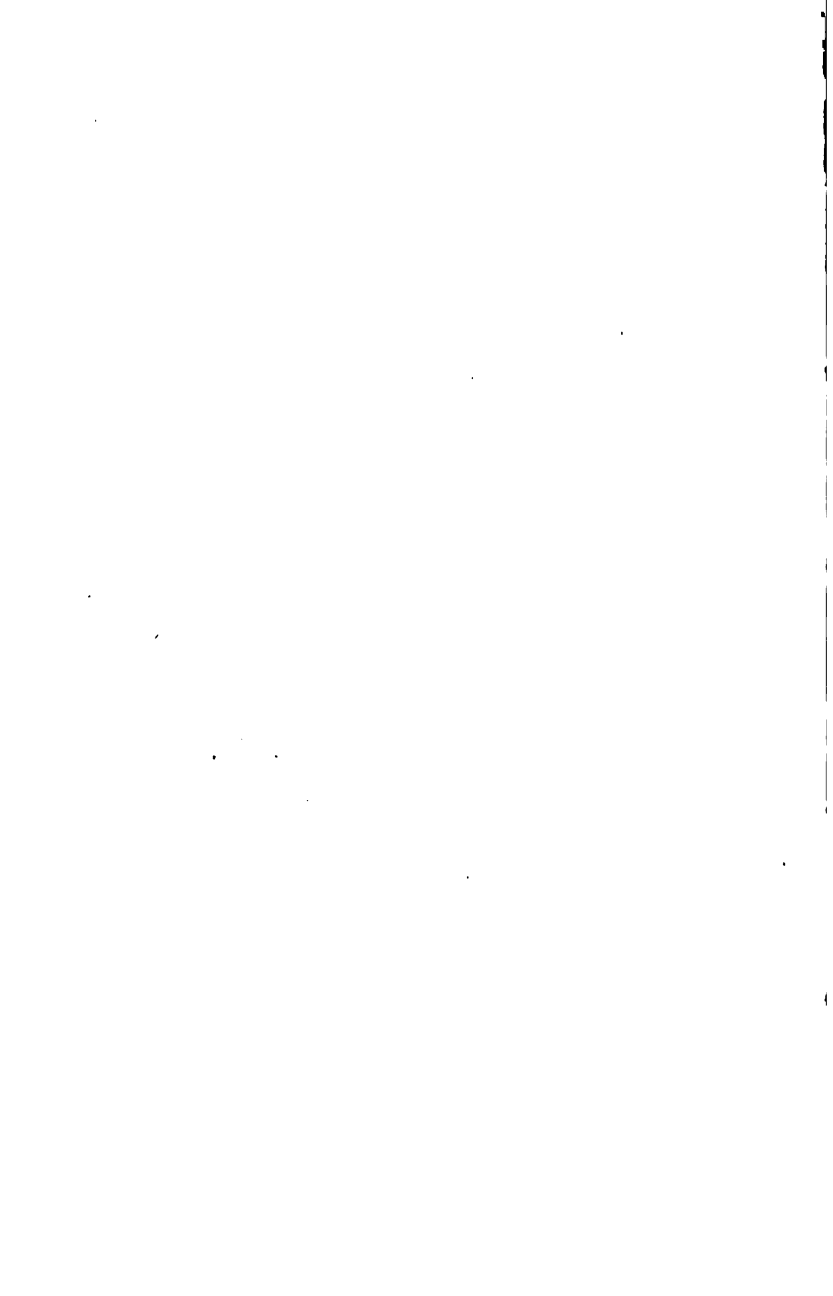
This is a new argument for temperance, young man. I question if you have ever heard it before, but here it is, speaking with the clear voice of science, telling of poison and disease and death. And these liquors are all the same, go where you will. You will have to look long to find pure whisky sold over the counter in Chicago. Do you want to drink the stuff that is? Do you so especially crave concentrated lye and unslacked lime, and sulphuric acid and turpentine, and glycerine and arsenic, that you want to pay ten cents a swallow for them? I tell you the whole thing is a cheat. The habit is simply of a part with the morphine or any drug disease—expensive, useless, and ruinous to the body, mind and soul. A glass of milk has in it ten times the nutrition and food for vital growth that ten times as much alcohol possesses. And in any shape alcohol corrodes the body and blights with idiocy the mind.

THE AWFUL RISK.

I shall say more later on of the ending of this fast life of indulgence and sin. Only this now. To begin it, to tamper with it, to touch it, is to take a stand above a crater, whose sudden burst may mean blighting ruin.

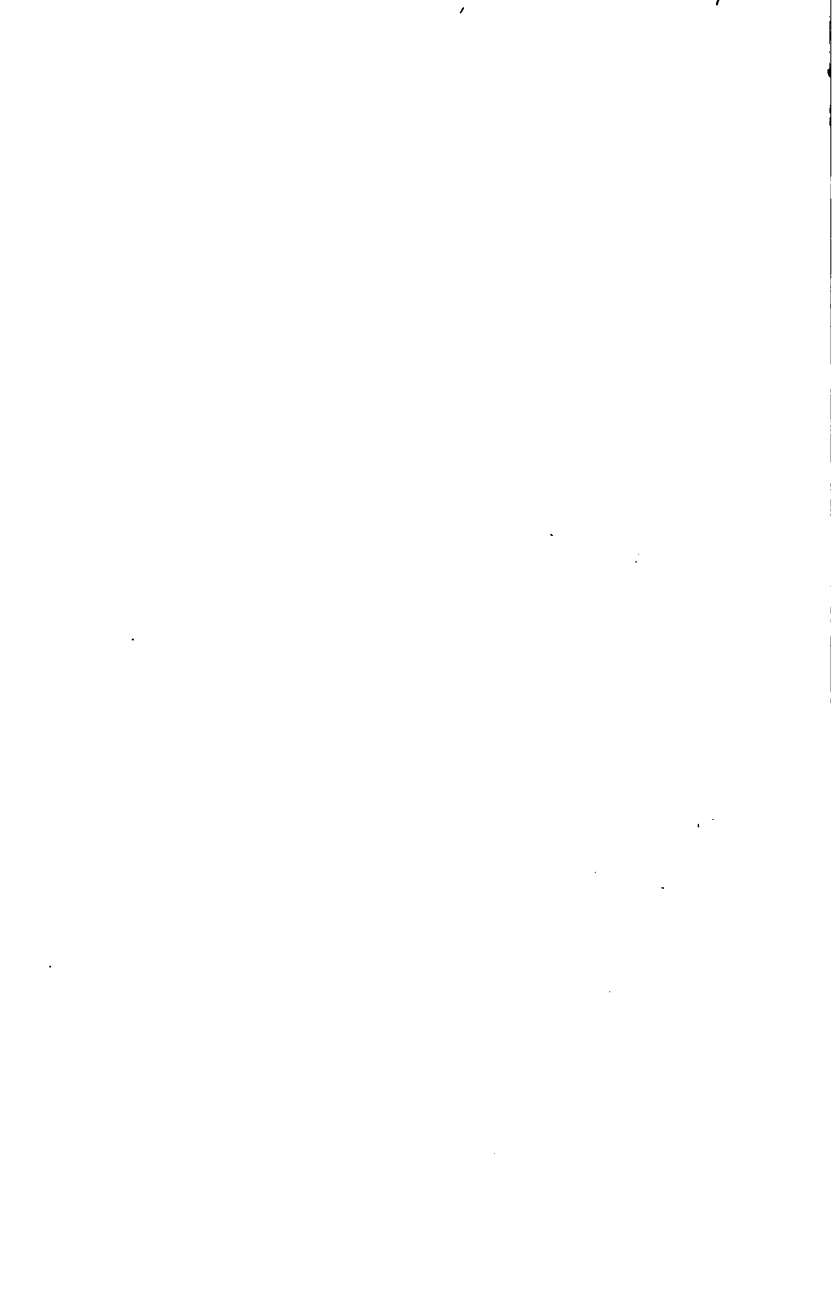
In the midst of the mining regions a wealthy contractor gave a grand ball in his sumptuous parlors. The rooms sparkled with brightness and resounded with music and laughter. In the midst of the revelry the host sent a servant below for some forgotten duty, bidding him carry a candle with him to light his way. Ten minutes afterward, finding the servant in the corridor, he asked him of his errand, and finds it done. Where did he leave the candle? Carelessly left it burning, sticking in a barrel of sand standing in the cellar. He will go down and blow it out. No, the host will go himself. An instant he is on the stair, and then calmness to the winds. Oh, awful danger! Sand! Blasting powder! Ten barrels lying there side by side! Any moment an awful explosion may hurl youth and beauty into awful death. An instant and he is in the farther cellar. There is the candle, beaming out from its socket in the dark, glistening sand of death. A current of air has burned it hurriedly, and a long, shining wick is hanging down, just ready to fall. Carefully, with hands extended, he creeps toward it, holding his very breath lest it cast down the fatal spark. There it goes! God be merciful! No, it has caught again in the side of the dripping wax. Nearer yet, and then, unmindful of the flame, with tight clenched hands he draws it out, and then reels senseless to the ground. And when the cool air revives him, and he finds again the upper air, his hair, black before, is white as driven

snow, aged in a single hour. An awful danger! A **m**erciful escape!—but not worthy of mention, young **m**an, beside the danger of him who lights the faintest gleam of indulgence in the midst of this explosive life. Keep away, in God's name keep away from the danger of habit and the man-traps of hell. You are too good to be a slave to the **d**evil. Prove it, and live to honor God and save **e**ternally your better self.



CHAPTER IV.

STEPPING STONES TO VICE.



STEPPING STONES TO VICE.

"Abstain from all appearance of evil."—1 Thess. 5: 52.

It is said that in certain sections of the great Southwest of our great nation, there is land so fertile and so marvelously strong that two, and even three crops can be sown, tended and reaped in a single year. For centuries treasuring up the richness and strength of successive seasons of rank vegetation, it has become a great natural hot-bed, teeming with almost spontaneous growth. We wonder at such marvelous productiveness, but it is as nothing compared to the marvelous fertility of human life. For in this soil, with the rapidity of thought, seed develops and yields its harvest of golden good or noxious evil.

No fields of earth can rival the fertile fruitage of the human heart. A single seed of tendency, circumstance or temptation drops into its furrows, and with the sudden flash of purpose and decision, behold a harvest. And it holds its seeding. There are rank weeds whose life is so tenacious that seasons of acutest search and destruction fail to eradicate it from the tainted soil. And there are growths of thought and word and deed whose instant devel-

opment begins a growth whose hold is so deep-rooted that arduous effort will not avail to break its grasp on life.

You know what I mean, when I speak of the quick grasp of sin on human life. You know what I mean when I tell of the terrible tenacity of habit, that after years of abstinence suddenly breaks out anew. It is a marvel, this human heart, its seeding, its harvests, its habit and its sin. No one can spy out its secrets or tell its weaknesses. No man can tell to-day what he may do to-morrow. No man can infallibly predict the decision of his heart or his will in an hour. The past may seem to indicate, but a sudden pressure may turn all suddenly awry. It is like—what? A lake in calm or storm? The sky in clear or cloud? Nay, like none of these; but more uncertain, more quickly changed, more marvelously wavering. It is like nothing but itself, uncertain above all things, deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

And yet every sin has its beginning, every vice is reached by stepping-stones. There are conditions, and preparations, and crucial moments of decision that drop the seed whose harvest is death. There are first steps that start on the decline whose end is in the depths; there are favorable conditions for sin, opening wedges for wrong, stepping-stones to vice on every hand in our life.

It has been our lot to look in upon vice as it snares human life in our midst; to think somewhat

of the awful hold sin has upon the life of our day; to endeavor for some saving thoughts against the man-traps of the devil. It is our task at this time to discover, if it be possible, some of the beginnings, the stepping-stones, by which life comes to its ending in sin. It is here that the first work of remedy must be done. Prevention is ten times as potent as redemption. Constant rectitude is infinitely better than reformation. And reformatory work might be unnecessary and unthought of, save as crime was courted and vice invited in the preparatory stages of life.

LIFE BEGINS PURE.

It may have hereditary bias. Temperament may be the ready germ of evil. The awful penalty of ancestral sin may discover the exactness of the sentence of Divine law in the natural and inborn tastes and tendencies of the third and fourth generations, and still the little child, be it born in the lap of luxury and nursed amid the splendor of wealth, or be its life begun within bare walls of poverty and in the tainted atmosphere of sin, is always and to all homes God's messenger of purity and peace.

The little child, born in palace or hovel, is a constant incarnation of the message of "Bethlehem's manger." But life grows to-day amid snares whose meshes begin with life. Example, compulsion, neglect even in earliest life begin to bend and warp the growing character as they press upon it. The boy, the girl of ten years, is already shaped in dis-

position for the future choice of life. And each step onward meets a host of traps and snares for souls.

The child of to-day walks a path beset by awful dangers. The devil reaps and gathers in countless forms all allurements to vice, impurity, passion, habit, appetite, about the steps of youth. It is not alone the young man who a century ago left for the first time his father's house to take his first independent step at one and twenty who is assailed. It is the boy and girl, the school and seminary student, the son and daughter whose years seem to preclude the possibility of vice, who is assailed by hidden attack and trapped in covert snare. And this attempt against sin would be incomplete, would be inefficient, did I not attempt to guard against these gates to ruin, these stepping-stones to vice.

THE POLICE STATION.

To look upon sin is to compel thought of its beginning; to see the end of vice is to think, by necessity, of its first step. I looked in upon the corridor where in the early morning were gathered the company of those whose crime and sin had brought upon them through the night the strong grasp of the law. Out of the streets and the slums of the city they had been dragged, stupefied with drink, battered with blows, or desperate in purpose for crime.

An awful sight it was, these drunkards and thieves, these brawlers and murderers, these filthy and de-

praved of a single night in the great city. There were men on whose faces the human was burned away and the very glare of hell seemed stamped; there were women made by God to grace and beautify the earth, whose eyes glared like wild beasts, and whose voices grated with the discord of death. There were boys, already stolid and reckless, some of them, in sin; there were girls in early years adepts in vice, laughing with all the abandon of furies at their sin.

It was the sight the police station and the police court and the bridewell see every day of the week in all the year. And yet I thought each life here was once pure, sweet in its unblemished infancy, smiling with the very grace of heaven, loved with the dearest love of earth, prattling the pretty language of childhood, hoped for and dreamed for, and yet here is the face that smiled in infancy scowling in drunken rage; here is the voice that laughed in childhood cursing and filling the air with the filthiness of sin; here are the hearts that were pure polluted and filled with wickedness, and all this vice took its first step and learned its first lesson in iniquity.

Every life finds in its way this first step, the first inclination, the first temptation to sin, and they who take it find the next easier, and it is hard to turn back when once the awful journey begins. I purpose that we take that journey; that we search out the steps to sin, and, finding them, that in the fear of God we set up a danger signal marking the pathway filled with snares and ending in ruin.

THE FIRST STEP TO VICE.

The first step in vice lies in the freedom of the young life of to-day—the absence of paternal instruction and control. You must realize the fact that when a man or a woman passes thirty in safety, the chance for ruin or vice is very small. The vast proportion of sin is begun in early life. The devil's wild oats are no fiction, and there is a season when their sowing is most plentiful. The warmth and free pulse of youth, the vital throb of early life, the hot blood and animal spirits of young manhood are fertile soil for the seeds of iniquity and the germs of sin.

It needs no outcry of mine to brand as dangerous, as murderous to soul life, that excuse for duty undone that blemishes the lips of such countless fathers and mothers of our day: "Ah, well! he must sow his wild oats! All young men do. He will only be the better man afterward." It is out of that freedom of youth and even boyhood that is flung forth, unrestrained, to learn the secrets and meet the snares of a world of sin, that vice begins and iniquity grows. And seeing the defenseless prey, the devil weaves his most seductive snares just there, where life begins its first independent steps.

I am not going to develop a discussion of domestic economy at this time, much as the subject may demand in its neglect, but I shall say, must say in the face of the vice of the day, that the root of

measureless evil lies in the absence, the failure of the home idea of home training, of home authority among the young of our day. It amounts to this in much of our fashionable life, in much of our professedly moral, cultivated, Christian life.

The sacred responsibility of parenthood, with its inestimable burden of service for God and the world, is shunned and shrunk from as a burden too full of care to be borne. When, after awhile, a child comes to grace and make of use a selfish life, it is unwelcome and ill-received. The long years of infancy and childhood are an inquisition to unwilling parenthood, and when the first possibility of age allows, the boy or girl is set so far as is possible adrift from any home concern. There is no home guardian and directive of life; there is no father's wisdom or mother's sympathy to counsel and to guide. The child must seek its confidences among other and older children. The father must drive heart and soul in the business through the day, and the club fills up the evening; the mother must follow the flurry and flutter of society through the night, and idle away the day in preparation for another night of gayety. The child must find its way in mind, morals and spirit as it may, and when father and mother desert in such fashion,

THEN GOD PITY CHILDHOOD,

the devil takes it up, and in his tender guardianship the march of sin is rapid and complete.

Again, the home fails when, however much such absolute negligence may be avoided, the parent deserts the child in the choices and the instructions that shall determine character and shield from sin. Children grow up to manhood and womanhood, ignorant of what imparted in love and confidence would be sacred, but learned with the gloss of sin is putrid and vice-breeding. Either in negligence or a mock shame the father sends the son to learn vice where he might teach him wisdom, and the mother sends the daughter to learn filth of the devil where she might teach her virtue. Instead of determining for righteousness and purity and integrity as foundations of character, how often is the trivial phrase an excuse, "I want to let him choose for himself."

Why? Tell me, father, why, when I ask you of the morals, the faith, the religion of your son, do you answer thus? Why do you make such excuse, mother, when I ask for the daughter who should sit beside you and worship at the altar of God? "Choose for himself." In education, in business, in the lesser concerns of life you are careful no such answer be compelled by your negligence or your fault. Why, in the greatest things of life, must a child, inexperienced, ignorant, weak, in the face of the world, the flesh and the devil, choose for himself?

I want to tell you who trust your sons to the tutelage of the streets, and your daughters to the

instruction of the morals of the public schools, that in days to come, if the fast young man with reddened face and the air of a libertine, brings shame to your pride and sorrow to your heart, and if the fast girl with her slang and her doubtful friendship, and after awhile her betrayal and her awful sorrow brings a shadow to her home—if your children learn vice and walk in the paths of iniquity, you can for your consolation look back to the day when you were too busy to care for your son, or too gay to watch your daughter, and in moral laziness turned them forth to choose for themselves.

THE SECOND STEP IS IDLENESS!

I know of no more potent influence for vice than this. The old proverb of "The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop" has never found a denial in modern life. Two things I have noticed on the night-side of this great city. One is, that the men and boys whom I saw most in the slums and the dives, where crime is concocted, and where the great world of iniquity has its center, were the same men who spend their days on the streets, leaning with ugly negligence against the corners, swaggering along the sidewalks, from week to week, beating their way in idleness, and from idleness into crime. And the other was that among the scenes of gayety and debauchery, the higher toned sin and filthiness, I saw but few whose hands looked toil-worn or used to work. In the one place the

viciously idle, in the other the lazily vicious; but in neither, as a general rule, the men who were doing, or cared to do, much in the onrush of the world.

You ask the police of the city, whom they dread most, and it will not be the laboring man, who now and then goes on a spree, but the notoriously idle, indolent, shiftless dead-beat, who is the continual unending pest of the city, cheating the charitable, stealing at every chance, hatching crime with every night, useless, burdensome, vicious. You may arrange all the labor bureaus and incentives to independence you like, and you can't make such people work, able-bodied men and women though they are. Imprisonment means only comfort for them, and they have an answer, as a police justice heard but recently: "The city owes me a living and I want it." And such vice is fed by the countless boys, born of laboring parents, who, with early predisposition against labor, are allowed to grow up in idleness.

From the support of the home, the lazy boy steps into the vice and iniquity of an indolent man. The girl, whose youth has known no skill or industry, finds in vice an easy opportunity to feed her idleness. The criminal classes are made up on all sides from the idle and unemployed. No nation ever knew more salutary law than the old German statute, requiring every boy, from Crown Prince to peasant, to learn and know a trade, and no nation had fewer criminals. And whether in the home of

wealth or in the hovel of poverty, remember that when you plan or permit idleness for your child, you plant a stepping-stone to vice.

THE THIRD STEP IS IMPURE READING.

When I attempt to speak to you of the use the devil makes of the printing press, and the evil resultant therefrom, I realize that I am approaching by far the greatest potency in our civilization. There are few to-day who are so ignorant or so poor but a book, be it good or bad, is a potent agency in their lives.

Four centuries ago, and the first book was displayed; credibly reported to have been produced by witches and magician's secrets. To-day the world is completely filled and running over with its offspring, and still of making of books there is no end. Good books and bad books, gay books and sad books, learned books and fools' books, great books and small books, books vigorous and books still-born, books of giants and books of pigmies, books for the lawyer, the doctor, the priest and the teacher, and books for "the butcher and the baker, and the candlestick maker," books to be read and books best let alone, saving books and killing books, healing books and books of poison, sweet books and sour books, blue books and black books, holy books and filthy books, but books, books everywhere, and it is little wonder that the powers of evil should have invaded the province of the

influence of the book shelf and bound up in attractive colors and insidious page the poison of wickedness and sin.

THE BAD BOOK IS EVERYWHERE.

It is scattered through your libraries; it is sold in the streets; it is passed from hand to hand among the young; it is read by your children, hidden away from sight until after the slumber of night has made the house safe for their stolen hours. It is disguised in a thousand different ways. A hundred different sources flood the country with books with medical names, and treating ostensibly of medical subjects. Agents—men, and sometimes women—sell them by scores and hundreds, and they creep, emissaries of the devil, into the hands of thousands, who find in them the first taint of vice and iniquity. It is a cunning mask, and covers well the putrid mass within. With a little information it colors up a mass of iniquitous filth, and who gets the one must wallow in the other, and carry its stain upon his mind and heart.

All the information you need you can get for the asking from your family physician. Don't be snared by the devil with the bait of a name. And do you watch, fathers and mothers, what your children read. Hunt out and hunt down the book that, with suggestive phrase or seductive picture, or story of vice or immorality or filth disguised by sonorous medical names, contaminates and ruins

the pure mind of childhood and youth. A single book may turn your boy into a libertine or rob your daughter of her virtue and purity. And I need not words but facts to tell you of the mass of filthy, lascivious,

DEVILISH PAPERS

that flood the land and lie exposed on every street throughout the city. Broadcast over the land there are sown every day almost countless thousands of papers filled with the corrupt, the lascivious, the impure, gathered from all the fact and fancy that a filthy mind can contrive. Facts that transpire often in the lowest slums of life are here placarded with all the embellishment of illustration and seductive coloring; language and recitals no man would read without a blush, are hidden in its folds. It is a slimy, salacious mosaic of filth and wickedness; and yet, go up and down the city streets, and in every news-dealer's window and on every corner stand they are spread out for inspection and sale.

The traffic is more than you dream of, and the devil's newspapers go where you never imagine. A single paper of this sort publishes three-quarters of a million copies every month. The circulation of them, as I have been able to gather it, amounts from three cities alone to nearly twelve hundred thousand a month. Into our own city they come as compared with standard and pure illustrated papers in a ratio of five to one. And by eye gate,

with suggestive picture and abominable representation, and by ear gate, in recital of all the detail of sin, the devil enters into the heart and soul of the young life of to-day.

Of even larger circulation and no better influence is the sensational, vicious story of the day. Not even worth the name of a novel, it is a lot of slang and profanity and crime strung together in recital and highly seasoned by romantic situations and dramatic tragedy. Absolutely depraving in its character, villifying in its influence, breeding thoughts and purposes and plans exactly in accord with its own recital, this sort of thing has a monstrous circulation to-day. A half a million a week of boys' and young men's story papers, and nickel libraries, and yellow-backed pamphlets, pour out to poison and degenerate human life.

A FILTHY MESS.

And the contents of this stuff is all the same. It exalts vice, makes heroes of libertines and willing martyrs of harlots; spreads a gloss over crime and bedecks iniquity with flowers. And this moral contagion is everywhere. Every news-stand deals in it, and does not mark it "poison," as does the careful pharmacist. Any one can buy it, and the quantity devoured is beyond belief. One single paper prints a million a month; of this class there are three to four millions published every month and read with their burden of nonsense and filthy, senti-

mental trash. And it is a fact that if, in this nation of ours, you sum up the periodicals we are proud of as among the triumphs of journalism, and add together the *Harpers* and the *Scribners* and the *Atlantics*, still the *Police Gazette* and *Day's Doings* and the devil's acknowledged organs, will outnumber them alone; the vicious sensationalism will outnumber it ten to one, and, in the line of so-called literary journals, the good and the elevating are buried out of sight in the mountain heaps of the useless, the sensational and the devilish.

I charge you, parents, guard what your children read. I charge you, young man, guard your mind and your heart from the subtle influence of the power of the impure and the unholy in print. I charge you, young lady, keep yourself pure from the taint of the filth of the Frenchy, nasty, obscene novel of the day. Beneath the lascivious voluptuousness of the adventuress of the story lies a tooth charged with venom that will strike at your own heart.

THE FOURTH STEP IN DECENT SOCIETY.

Another stepping-stone to vice is the doubtful morale of society, as the suggestive, the impure, the alluring are tolerated in the presence of decency and respectability. I speak of the immodest and improper dance, of the immodest and improper custom, of the double entendre of fashionable conversation that is applauded though it cause a blush. The child

steps into society, the young man, the young woman, eager to mingle in the gayety and pleasure of its charmed atmosphere.

You shall not hear a discussion of the vexed questions of social amusements, but in the name of virtue and purity I set the brand of hell above the appearance of evil, though shimmering in jewels or robed in satin. I brand with the mark of the devil the dress that makes a pure, uninitiated girl blush when she wears it in the presence of men. I condemn the dance, immodest and wanton, that makes the virtuous woman blush as she whirls through its giddy mazes, and shudder as she remembers its sensation of shame. I cry out against the tolerance of smiles at the hidden allusion, the hint or suggestive word that, masked in suggestive action or by double meaning, tells of impurity and wantonness. Society tolerates them all, but the man who, though clothed in finest fabric, treads on such ground opens the flood-gate for sin, and the woman who permits herself to touch the impure and the unholy takes fire in her breast and fire always burns.

LAST, THE WINE CUP.

I must mention but another step to vice. We have stepped from the neglected home to the idle life, from the immoral print to the immodest dance, and hundreds dance in full dress to the devil. But another step is needed, and whether in cut-glass or smoky cup, whether in the splendor of wealth or in

the dive of iniquity, it takes but the draught of strong drink to spur the mind and body on to thoughts and deeds that make hell blush. Many strike the pathway to ruin here, and by a near route rush with headlong speed to vice, to ruin and to death. Alas for the folly of the life that will take a foe between its lips to steal away its brains. It needs but the awful story of facts to give terrible emphasis to the warning of God's words, "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." That is what gives meaning to all life—at the last! Now it means revelry, pleasure, joy, frolic, dissipation, headlong sin, the rush of hot blood, the abandon of wine; but at the last——

THE WAGES OF SIN.

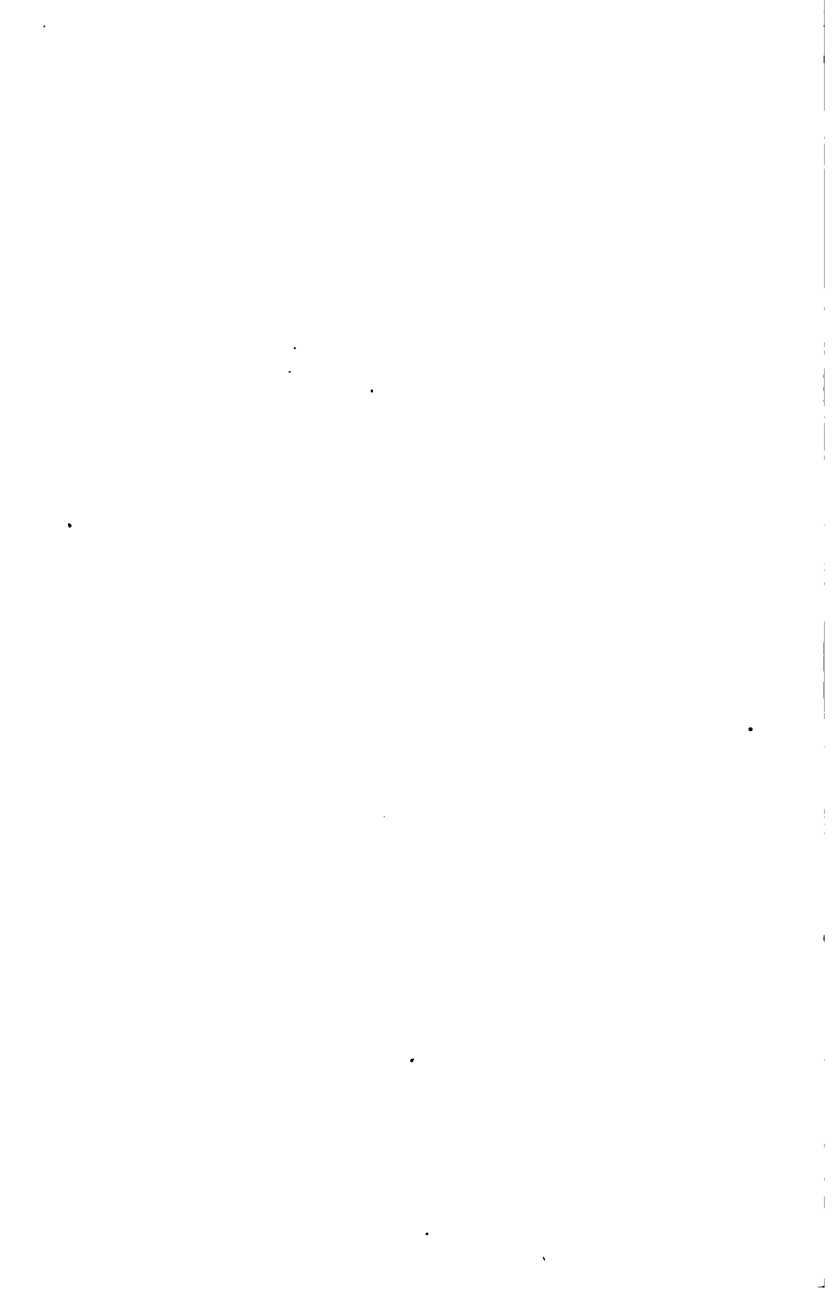
I stood in a narrow street in the very midst of the iniquity of the great city's life. There had been a distant clang of an alarm and a rush of wheels and a clatter of hoofs and that invention of splendid practicality, that great reducer of crime, the police patrol, came sweeping to where we stood. I followed the officer into a narrow alley wet with stagnant water, reeking in filth and piles of garbage, fit for the very home of the grim genius of the plague. Beside a stable door was a huge pile of straw and filth and as we came near something in it moved and a sound issued from among the reeking mass. Two strong men stooped and lifted from the ground what seemed a mass of decaying rags, and oh merciful

God! a woman. Meant by God to grace the earth, to be his messenger of mercy and love; once a child, pure and sweet, once a girl loving and loved—now lifted from the filth in which she wallowed, her gray hair matted and hanging in masses of confusion, her face stained and covered with the ooze of the stable, a woman drunk, helpless, maniac, filling the air with her shrieks and curses. From somewhere came another picture I have seen—a tossing, billowy sea; the widespread ocean, a stormy sky, and in the midst a rock, and on the rock a cross, and hanging, drenched and storm tossed, but with one arm tight clasped about the cross, a woman! A frail form, an awful tempest, but above the dashing waves, a face of peace.

All sin leads ever downward. Step after step the way grows steeper, the flowers fade, the lights grow dimmer, the colors vanish, the charm departs; at the last are but the sharp, cruel rocks of death. The stepping-stones to vice are one long, steep descent, and at the last is death. But from its very jaws I call you back, as here, O faltering, erring, straying one, in my dear Master's name, I lift the saving cross of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V.

THE SCARLET SIN.



THE SCARLET SIN.

“Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.”—Proverbs 7: 27.

Life has always been very much the same. When King Solomon spoke his righteous admonitions to the young men of Jerusalem he found exactly the same vice that dwells in the streets of our modern city, and his warning took words that may sound with eminent fitness in the ears of the young man of to-day. The same sins were there—intemperance, dishonesty, gaming, lust; the same temptations—pleasure, the whirl of gayety, the sparkle of the wine, the congenial atmosphere of fast life, the gilded palaces of the strange woman; the same results—broken health, broken mind, broken fortune, lost soul. Life is always the same. The flesh is always ready for sin, and these words of warning sweep in their direct fitness through all the years life dwells in the flesh.

When I come to speak of the clutch the devil has upon life through impurity of body and soul I know that I am nearer the beginning than the end of the course of ruin. For my thought touches not alone the final, open libertinism and harlotry of the city's polluted life, that sweeps back to those beginnings

of evil, when by the lust of the flesh and its awful grasp upon life all things most true and holy are invaded, stained and ruined; homes are sundered, honor tainted, hearts broken, lights darkened, life here and eternally destroyed.

It is german to these words of warning that I touch upon many of these shapes in which the flesh becomes a snare to the soul. There is no subject so avoided, so shunned, so little spoken of. It may be wise to make it thus obscured in its own wickedness, but its power grows mighty with the very secrecy of its growth, and because it is a vice underground. Its hold becomes mighty by very lack of combat. Nor can the fact escape unnoticed that it is

A GROWING EVIL

in our American life. While there have always been haunts where with gay-decked chambers lust has ministered to hell, the curse grows rapidly and spreads its power.

In 1878 the most reliable statistics procurable discovered nearly six hundred dens of infamy in New York City. To-day there are over a thousand, despite the vigilant and ceaseless endeavors of the Society for the Prevention of Vice. To enter into any statistics regarding our own city is most uncertain and untrustworthy, for it seems we have no reliable way in which to estimate this evil. Considerably over a year ago one of our daily papers, publishing a map of certain portions of the city with a

view to numbering the saloons and their accompanying establishments, discovered that in the sections of the city where it is supposable the greatest adjacent amount of vice is clustered there were in twenty-five blocks, 102 dens of vice, having, by careful estimate, about five hundred inmates.

There are no other sections of the city as densely crowded with iniquity as was this a year ago, although many have been forced to move away from this sink-hole in the face of a police edict, clearing one or two streets of questionable tenantry. But this one thing let me say: I do not think Chicago outranks any other city of its size in this peculiar shape of iniquity. It is easy enough to over-estimate in making account of what we deem evil and censurable. The smallest truth is bad enough. But this I saw, along the night shaded streets, that often the same gliding form would start from the darkness of some doorway, on two or three streets, in a single half hour; for the snare of the night is a weaving one, moving constantly, here, there and everywhere in search of prey.

A DREADFUL PICTURE.

Think a moment: A single thousand of these gliding shapes would distribute four to each of two hundred and fifty blocks of the city centre, or four women luring men to sin at every corner between the river and Twelfth street and the lake and Jefferson Park; or with five thousand women grouped in

clusters of five in a single house, twenty solid blocks would be filled with courtesans. There is no need of figures, though an efficient police force ought to know every den of vice the city through. The grasp of iniquity is bad enough; the rule of vice is far-reaching enough to appal us as we think of its direful results.

And I want to say another word here, about this

AWFUL AVARICIOUSNESS

that by its willingness shields and shelters vice. These hundreds and thousands of resorts of sin must have room and shelter; they must have buildings and pay rents, and so they pay enough it makes precious little difference what occupation flourishes within. And as we are dwelling upon these facts and figures of inquiry it is an interesting question for us to ask ourselves: "Here is my friend A. He owns twenty or thirty buildings and has them all leased; his income is splendid; his home is a palace; his establishment complete; he is a prominent man in politics, in society; goes to church; thinks himself eminently respectable; has gone now to Wisconsin or the seashore for the summer; I wonder what he has got in his buildings?" Suppose we go and see. Would it surprise you to find a saloon on two or three of the ground floors? Yet Mr. A. would take it as an insult if you held him responsible for drunkenness or its resultant crime. Up-stairs are offices and agencies, but do you think you know what you'd find if you

climbed to the top floor and knocked at some of those doors? And yet Mr. A. would rage in his summer home if you drew a black mark across his cottage door. Go down town to-morrow and think for the first time, may be, that the saloon, the gambling house, the brothel, is in its quarters by permission and consent of the man who owns the building, and as you see the hundreds of gin shops all along our business streets, the flaring lights of the gambling houses, the flaunting colors of the abode of lust, think how much of the respectability of the real estate owners of Chicago is purchased at the price of decency and right and fed by the fruits of sin and shame and iniquity. I tell you there are men in Chicago so hungry, so unscrupulous for gain that they would rent their building if the devil himself wanted to start a branch of hell, provided he would pour ice water on his money or give them tongs to handle their rent with.

AN EMINENTLY PRACTICAL QUESTION.

I know I shall address men possessed of large property interests. What have you got in your buildings, my friend? Remember that no man can be a Christian, a moral, a pure, an upright man, and in any way shelter or countenance sin. No man can rent his house for a saloon, a gambling house, or a brothel, and not stand guilty before God for his share of the crime. I don't believe it will pay, even at the gain of 25 per cent., to risk the day of judg-

ment on a saloon rent or the condemnation of God on a harlot's lease. Look to it. Remember this thing will come to light some day; remember you give the lie to your pretensions of decency by your lease list. Go and clean out your property, and honor God in your houses as well as in your bodies and spirits, which are his.

A LEADING NEWSPAPER

said the other day: "If Mr. Green knows these things to be true why does he not make complaint and see that the law is enforced?" It would take better eyes than mine. Moreover, the thing complains of itself. There is a law against the rental of property for purposes of vice. Property is rented for such purposes; why don't the officials enforce the law? Probably they don't know there is any such property in the city. They are too busy with the loaves and the fishes to care much, perhaps. Or it may be blissful ignorance. They only found out the day after the Democratic primaries had gone against them, that there was any gambling in the city. Ah, well, let us hope that may be some time the dubious mills of politics will grind out a purely moral raid against unscrupulous landlords. But you can't depend upon any law. You, the people, the moral element, must do the work. You must be willing to know these things, careful to keep posted, and have to be brave enough to make it so indecent, so contemptible, so despised, that any man

who courts respectability will be afraid to let his property for immoral use, and compel greedy, avaricious wealth to take its shelter from the abode of vice.

But I am to speak to you of

THE SCARLET SIN

as I attempt prayerfully and in the name of Christ to unmask this most potent "Man-trap of the Devil." Prostitution is not a vice; it is a result of a vice, and our minds must go back to face the truth that the iniquity begins not in the haunt of vice but in the loss of spiritual supremacy; the triumph of the animal nature that makes such vice possible. And yet the cause and the effect always are and always have been closely joined, in that the scarlet vice has always thrown its chains about the neck of each successive civilization, and with slow, creeping step, has time and again gripped the throat, undermined the strength, destroyed the fabric of empires and civilizations mighty in power.

In individual or nation its course is always the same and always quickly run. It leads down to decay and death in all concerns of state, of culture or of life, and saps the life-blood where it fastens its hold. But I have no time for any historical resume, save to point you to Rome's decline or to France again and again. I want the rather to turn to the public vice, that strange phenomena of life that makes merchandise of shame as it spreads a snare

throughout our city and traps its victims unnumbered for hell.

It is a strange phenomenon, a mysterious phase of life, that can so destroy virtue, and modesty, and the sensitive reticence that is the glory of woman as to make it flaunt forth with unblushing face the garments of its shame. There must be some explanation or some reason for this strange thing—why it can be. It is inconceivable that there should be that in the hearts and lives of such countless women that should lead them deliberately to choose a life of shame. And there is an injustice that society and public thought, the man more than all else, does in this regard. Since Eden men have said so often “the woman did it” that they have forgotten any possibility of complicity or share or cause in sin.

THEIR OWN TESTIMONY.

The leading woman of the demi-monde said to me as I questioned her of this: “I know that not one in twenty of all the girls who enter the portals of this life comes from choice. Now and then there are some who, drawn by the apparent glitter and frivolity and gain, come deliberately and give themselves up, but the rule is the other way.” Far the greater number enter through a door opened by deceit and base betrayal. Yielding in the extremity of love all dearest and most precious to her life, she finds herself betrayed, ruined, destroyed. What shall she do? Society, all smiles and welcome for

her betrayer, lifts its skirts lest they touch her in her pollution; the hand of Christian kindness is closed to her piteous wail; the church, forgetting its Master, has no word of pity for the Magdalene. Remorse, sorrow, shame, lead toward death, but life shrinks from the terrible blackness of suicide. Life is closed to her; home is lost; reputation is ruined; support is impossible. What shall she do? Fallen, she cannot rise, but the path is easy to reach that leads away over the field of sin. The struggle is brief. Remorse is smothered; penitence cast away; tears flung aside; the spirit locked away in the dark, and the flesh flings itself forth to bury beneath vast loads of revelry all recollection of the past. And yet such life is

A CEASELESS STRUGGLE.

Among these women there comes hours of the most awful agony—moments when the vision, the remembrance of happy, pure and holy days comes like the haunting dream of a disturbed slumber; hours when so awful is the agony, so terrible the grief, that only force can restrain the rash act, longed for in the quiet of its death, of self-destruction. It comes to that after awhile. But for years the remorse is drowned, killed, clutched and strangled. The glass of liquor, the draught of opium, the dose of chloral affords relief from thought and remorse, and when consciousness returns life is crowded forth again into its abandon. But after awhile the mind,

broken, shattered, feeble by drink and drug, is powerless to resist, and death is grasped unshrinkingly as release, and back at the feet of the man who opened the door lies forever in the sight of God the blood of the victim of his treachery and deceit.

THE GATE OF POVERTY.

And another great class comes into vice by a necessity, or so far a necessity that even a woman's courage cannot face its resisting. A single instance will illustrate what I mean. Some time since a young girl, left alone in the world, came to Chicago to seek employment. Fortunately she had friends in the city, and to them she owes to-day her salvation. She went to a leading retail store in the city, and upon her application was accepted upon trial. A week passed; and after the close of business she went before the manager of such concern—I know the man, his name and apparent standing. She was accepted, assigned to a position and imagined all was fortunate, but when another week closed was surprised to find the salary most meager, utterly inadequate for her necessary expenses. She went again to this manager, there to be met by a laugh, a jest and a deliberate offer of the wages of sin and shame. I say I know the man. God knows him, too, above the price of his gay attire and polished air, and in the eternity to come hell will be a paradise compared with the reward God will bestow upon him who could plan deliberately the ruin of an innocent life.

But combine the niggardly, utterly inadequate salaries of working girls, shop clerks and saleswomen with the villainy of an incestuous, brutish man, and you have another teeming gate to vice.

THE SOCIETY GATE.

Another stream, constant though smaller, pours in from the vaults of better life, so far as means and training go. Its springs are farther back. They rise beneath the stage where young eyes saw first the fashionable and tolerated filthiness of the lascivious play or the gaudy nastiness of the ballet; they rise beneath the ball-room floor, where seductive music and all the fever of the dance first suggest and foster vice; they stream from between the covers of the Frenchy novel, where the heroine is a courtesan surrounded by light and pleasure, and where her easy virtue is glorified with all the color of romance; they flow from loose social custom, from easy-going propriety, where an easy tolerance laughs at the suggestive jest and applauds the hidden vulgarity of wit. And such seed grows and yields, and although it may not show its fruit at once, somewhere it drops apples of Sodom at last.

THE BUTTERFLY GATE.

And once again, pride and an imagination, filled with mere thoughts of gayety and pleasure, make a gateway to this world of the lost. Many a girl, dazzled by the bright lights and fascinated by the music of sin's beginning, steps within the doors that

49734A

open only in, from whose trap few ever step forth—poor butterflies, charmed by the flowers and caught in the snare. But by all these ways—by betrayal, by want, by depraved social custom, by frivolous gayety—the avenues of the fallen and the lost are filled. And with them throng a multitude driven by passion and drawn by the snare to the chambers of death.

BUT LITTLE HOPE.

And there is this peculiar characteristic connected with this vice—it is unpromising mission ground. Prevention is the only remedy that gives much promise. In the first place, it is neglected ground. The churches are generally more content to labor for Zanzibar and Timbuctoo than to attempt any labor for the fallen of our own city. There is an odor about even contact with this vice that people shun.

Everywhere there are some who in the spirit of the Christ attempt and labor earnestly for the reclamation of the lost, and much good, sincere work is done, but it is a record of those who have been longest in the work that few who enter these gates ever come back. For what is there to come to? She can never, in the eyes of the world, wash out the red letter of her guilt. You will not let her enter your door if you know whence she comes and who she is. You have no employment for her; you have nothing but perhaps a fling of charity, and she comes back from the chambers of death repentant to find

cold faces and an isolated life of toil and menial labor. Well, perhaps it is best. Best for society, best for protection, but Christ, our Savior, did not so. In reformation God pity the Magdalene. It is little wonder scores look back, only to dash affrighted on their sins.

THE GUILTIER MAN.

In prevention which shall remedy both the fall and its results there are duties that I lay upon you as lovers of the pure and the good. First of all, I demand of you that you cry out with all your voice against that scorching edict of society that brands the shrinking woman and spares the guiltier man. I want to lift nine parts of the shame, the guilt, the sin, from the head of the fallen woman and hurl it crushing in its weight upon the man who conspired for her fall.

Society is full of these men. Bodies of loathsome, putrid filth, animals devoid of heart or conscience. Years and gray hairs often boast, like Aaron Burr of defamed memory, the histories of their amours. Young men, luxurious in inherited wealth, idle in easy indolence, seek adventures with all the eagerness of romance, because society, gathering her silken robes about her, crowds even from her doorsteps the girl who falls and then laughs in its sleeve at the cunning of the rake who sought her ruin. He is banished for a little, and then comes back, all the more a hero for his sin. It is no idle charge. Your

society is full of men—young men, middle-aged men, old men—whose lives are notoriously corrupt; whom every one knows are breaking every law of loyalty, virtue and purity; whom every one knows are fast, dissipated, impure, and yet they walk with head erect, unabashed, unchecked, unbanished for their filthiness. I have no plea for the Magdalene and her sin. She merits by her fault her punishment. But if you must be merciless to her, be just to him whose guilt is greater. In the name of purity, in the name of womanhood, in the name of God, I charge you women of our homes that you cry out with a cry that shall shake the earth against the man who wears the trace of iniquity. Banish with an unalterable edict not alone the man who boasts his villainy and sin but the man whose life has in it a touch of dishonor. Let the burden fall where it is due, and if the Magdalene must crouch without the walls of social toleration drive to her company the man who opened for her the gates or who seeks her in her gilded halls of death.

THE SAFEGUARD OF HOME.

And I beseech you mothers, I beseech you young ladies, for your own sakes, shun the possibility of evil. You have no right to look upon anything, to read anything, to hear anything you would not willingly be yourself. For a young girl to gaze upon the indecency of the modern Frenchy stage is to court ruin; for her to trifle in the lascivious

atmosphere of tainted fiction is to sow the seed of impurity in her mind. Oh, that mothers might see the snares that lurk by eye-gate and ear-gate in all this rush of our swift life.

Ask me the great prevention of the scarlet vice, I answer the Christian home. Don't turn your boys out at sixteen to spend the night until 12—do you know where? Don't, I beseech you, don't send your daughters out at sixteen to risk the dangers of society and miscellaneous company. They are none too strong when womanhood calls them forth. Prevent vice by teaching purity, the nobility of the spirit, the subjection of the body, the fear of God.

A DOUBLE GUILT.

And for you, young man, I have a double warning against this sin. God keep you from it, for if you go, yours is a double guilt. Your guilt is not of your sin alone, for you have a part of her damnation whom you lead to sin. Upon her head, though stained with constant guilt, your hand lays a fresh burden; your sin adds to her condemnation; your hand is stained with a scarlet stain, and all the waters of the earth can never cleanse that hand. You may hide it in secrecy; you may glove it in fashionable elegance, but the stain is there, and before the throne of God it will witness to your part in the sin. Your own is burden enough—can you bear the condemnation of another's guilt?

BE A MAN.

And by your own possibility I charge you, stain not your brow. I preach you the gospel of yourself immortal in spirit, magnificent in endowment, grand in faculty. God made you to honor him by being a man. With mind and soul endowed, no lines of earth limit the possibility of your powers. Only yourself can ruin as you yield your vigor a willing sacrifice to the world, the flesh and the devil. The flesh cries out against the rulership of mind and spirit. With the voice of appetite, of lust, of passion, it begs that you yield yourself to its control. It promises you pleasure, the thrill of revelry, the intoxication of passion. It will keep its promises. It will give you all you ask of delirium, of fleshly lust, but it is but flesh, and when at last it fails naught will remain but broken vigor, blasted strength, wasted life and a ruined soul. By yourself, your possibilities, your powers, I charge you, by Christ's strength, put down the body. You are too good to be a slave to appetite, a subject to lust and sin. Break the power of this temptation, and be what God willed you should be, his own child—a man.

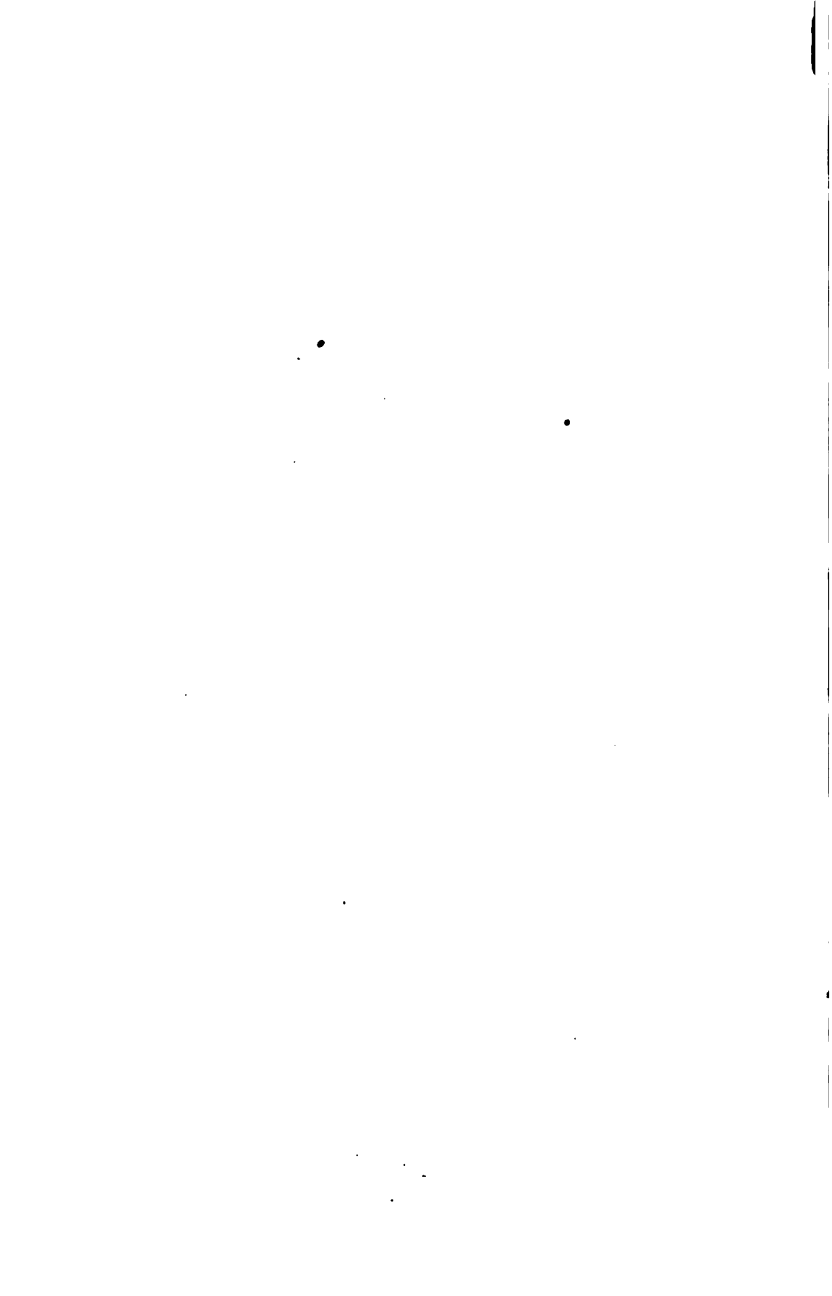
GOD'S WARNING.

So I close. By yourself, for your own highest good, in the name of Christ, I warn you against "The Man-traps of the City." From the "dangers of the streets," from the "tiger and his den" from "cups of flame," from "the first steps of vice," from

these "chambers of death" I wave you back. For yonder on the shining gates of endless day, to whose glories streaming out toward our life a weary world looks forward in its hope, and through whose arch alone we pass at last to rest and peace, there is written a warning. Write it, I beseech you, on the palms of your hands, that it may warn you at every step of this life of snares and sin: "WITHOUT are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

CHAPTER VI.

EMBEZZLEMENT.



EMBEZZLEMENT.

Thou shalt not steal. Exodus xx., 15.

There are few who have not, from a standpoint of mere natural interest, felt astonishment and dismay at the awful growth of defalcation and dishonest speculation among the class who are so esteemed and trusted as to have access to large amounts of ready funds; and there are many who, as striving to advance the cause of Christ in the world, are horrified and discouraged at the apparent and absolute control the power of evil seems to be gaining in our business and commercial life.

Now it is in one way and now another, but in a thousand forms the world is filled with open or secret violations of that summary law of God that is written "Thou shalt not steal." Now and then, often, alas, in our day, the man of years' standing, esteemed as spotless by many who confide in him and his honor, the man who has been a representative in circles of church and society, the man standing as one of the pillars of confidence in the business world, with a sudden crash goes down. How and why, the world never clearly understands. There is only the ugly record of trust funds appropriated, of speculations that have a taint of suspicion as to the straight

honesty of their purpose, of final dismay as the sudden turn of the market sweeps it all away, and ruin and dishonor stare with horrid grimace into the face of fear, and then the sneer of the scoffing world, "so much for another pious scoundrel."

This is

AN AWFUL ARGUMENT,

in the hands of a sneering skeptic, against Christianity. All the iconoclastic fury of infidelity, of blatant unbelief, all the verbose and insipid emptiness of the bombastic scientific free-thought of to-day, all the illogical logic of the philosophy of doubt, are as birds shot against the solid walls of everlasting truth. But the actual failure of a professed life, the ruin of a character esteemed as exemplary, the overthrow of a claim that has been set up as acknowledged of God, is a damage, an awful blow, to the cause of Christ in the eyes of the world.

You may talk about the wrong of judging a cause by an individual failure as you like; the world will so judge it; and every life that falls from Christian profession to disgrace and sin is a blow in the face of Christ. The treachery of the boasted Christian life, the downfall of the professed Christian life, the dishonesty, the sin, the shame of its fall, are the most damaging arguments against the church, and the inconsistency of Christians, the sharp-dealing, the tricks, the impurities, the unrighteousness, the unholiness in word and deed of those who wear the

livery of heaven are the keenest weapons against the church's life.

PRACTICAL PREACHING NEEDED.

We need not stop in our thinking and preaching over the mysteries of faith, the supernatural phantoms of a rapt imagination, the theories of a dreamy philosophy, and give more time in this day of ours to the morals of a Christian life. It is well enough that we essay to learn whether immortality is conditional or natural, but we shall do better if we leave immortality with God, and strive to merit it by a true and godly life. It is well enough that we preach of theories of salvation, of the questions of inspiration and authenticity, of the system and succession of the parts of a dogmatic theology; it is better if we face fairly the facts, white and black as well, of life as it is lived day by day, and preach the gospel of a daily life, while we elaborate the gospel of more immaterial faith.

The world uses these sins of our individual, domestic, professional life against the church of the cause of Christ. We shall do well if we strive to touch the diseased spots with a balm of healing, and so subdue the devil and redeem the fair fame of the Mother of us all from the stain of dishonor a faithless life has made.

So I have spoken to you now and again of eminently practically and commonplace truth. Life needs a gospel that can stand the same atmosphere

life breathes. And I speak to you now of embezzlement because like a vast epidemic whose dread and death-dealing shadow brings consternation and fear, there is abroad in the world this plague of dishonesty and sin. We might begin our thoughts of this awful sin high up in the rank of official life as it stands representative in nation, state, or municipality.

One of the commonest crimes of to-day is

DEFALCATION IN PUBLIC TRUST.

It is so common that it is a thing to be expected, and provision is made for it in estimates and appropriations. There is not a state, or a city, there is not an enterprise of national expenditure where there is not in some way or in some corner, appropriation and dishonest use of public funds. A court house, a custom building, a state capitol, is to be erected, and in the phrase and custom of the day it at once becomes a political job. Contracts and sub-contracts become the instrument of the favored conspirator and not of the state, for gain; slowly and with labored progress the building advances; long before it is finished the original appropriation is gone; another is made; the taxed and over-burdened people fill another coffer for the public servants, and after awhile the enterprise stands completed; it cost three times the estimate; the estimate three times the real value; not an honest brick or stone, or timber, or nail in the

whole affair, and thousands of dollars stolen, embezzled, diverted from the public good and carried away by the men who have wronged the people,—yet it is the custom, and people scold awhile and then laugh, and a weak and low public morality avoids any conflict with the perpetrators of the gigantic wrong, and it is simply part of the business of politics that vulture-like pounces on whatever will stand picking.

It is such an example, and the leniency, the indifference and indeed the implied sanction of it by public mind to-day that becomes the inspiration and the precept to the employe, the cashier, the book-keeper, the confidential clerk, who sees and hears the great politicians' success who have stolen a million or two from the public trust in some contract or appropriation, and finds temptation ready to suggest similar gain on a smaller scale.

A PLAIN WORD TO THE EMPLOYER.

And first of all, I want to say a word to those who employ trusted and necessarily confidential and responsible servants—who in bank or counting room or warehouse, place men, and young men especially, where the trust measures the possibility of a great temptation. Is it a matter of fact that you are entirely free from a sort of responsibility for the temptation that menaces your clerk or treasurer?

I am ill-disposed to enter into any controversy as to the vexed question of labor and its compensation;

but so far as you are able do you put your employes beyond the reach of temptation by affording them a sufficient compensation for their time and work? It makes no difference what is custom or rule. Right is seldom the rule. And without doubt capital, as we have learned to call the employers, grinds with merciless power the laborer dependent upon it for support. The book-keeper, the clerk, gives to his employer all his time, and if he is conscientious and devoted, custom and rule to the contrary notwithstanding, he deserves a support for his labor. And the man who asks for his servant's whole time should put him by a just compensation beyond the temptation to dishonest satisfaction and relief. Many, I believe, is the petty theft, the dishonest pilfering, that is done with the excuse, "I am underpaid; if my worth was rewarded I'd have plenty;" when disastrous as is the sin, there is reason in the excuse.

A GIANT WRONG.

I cannot but think that this whole theory is wrong; that when a man becomes opulent enough to be independent, or a firm becomes successful and firm-grounded, indolence and inattention and lazy indulgence must straightway turn over the whole conduct and responsibility of affairs to some confidential agent, who thus meets our natural temptation tenfold strengthened in such multitudinous opportunities of dishonesty.

We are all weak, stumbling creatures, predisposed to sin, and a little opportunity is often all-potent in its temptation. And when an employer throws open his funds to the approach and unrestricted control of any employe, he simply piles a burden of trial upon a life that must be very strong if it resists and succeeds in maintaining honor and right, in the face of the cries of real or fancied want. We need some great-hearted, wise-headed business philanthropist, who shall reorganize the relations and customs of business life, and in them alike shield the employe from temptation, while the employer is rendered more secure. No man lives whose disposition and natural bent is not tiger-like in its impetuosity and fierceness. It is safer to have it chained, even though it has been once subdued.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF DISHONESTY.

By much the greater part of business dishonesty and defalcation is the direct result of what men, even who lead it, call a fast life. The devil charges well for his pleasure, and who begins with him must pay his price or break friends. And yet the curse of young manhood, the besetting sin of early life, the snare in which the devil catches myriads of souls, is in the brightly-lighted, music-charmed nights of fast life. How it begins, only God knows, save that the human heart is ready by its very nature for wickedness.

A HISTORY WITH MANY COPIES.

The young man comes to the city, unsullied and guarded in the atmosphere of a godly home. He comes as you came, my brother, with a father's hand-grasp, and a mother's embrace to be a memory and an inspiration. He comes in all the enthusiasm and ambition of young life to achieve success and win wealth and renown. For a little all is well—he remembers his vows and his promises—he seeks to keep his life unsullied and to watch his steps—he marks all his actions with scrupulous care. But he is thrown into the wild intoxication of a life that in itself is awful in its rush of wickedness and sin. Just when he begins to absorb its spirit, no one knows, save that he feels a twinge of conscience over a neglect of duty, and a sacrifice of strict integrity. It is not much. He has taken a glass of wine; he has spent an evening in questionable company; he has stood and watched the table where the game goes on in its mad delirium and frenzied hope; he has caught the infection of the air he breathes, and he justifies it all in the old way—everybody else goes, and so he goes too. He has begun at the first steps of a fast life, and beginning, only a shout for succor, and the strong hand of God, can save life from the ending of ruin and death.

I need not emphasize

THE HEADLONG SPEED OF SIN.

There is no illustration of life that commensurately expresses the determined, resistless, unerring march of evil through human life. Its center is in hell, and with a spiritual gravitation whose laws are a tenfold potency of nature, each step downward increases the momentum onward with wondrous force. Fast life means ruin; and fast life, with its revels, its wines, its women whose lips are hung of hell, its chance and its hazard, its gambling and gambling's inevitable loss; fast life, as it catches in its current countless young men and business men of our day, forges more names, changes more checks, raises more figures, steals more funds, than all other agencies of sin.

But fast living begins somewhere, and you, young man may be beginning it now. You may have gone for the first time from your desk to the night's employ that makes your cheek burn and your conscience twinge with shame as you remember to-day your father's counsel and your mother's prayer. You may have gone still farther, until memory is beginning to blur, and the flame of sin is beginning to blaze all along your life. I charge you, hear me, as I call you to look back along the path upon which you have started. Its very beginning is steeply downward. It is true it is flowery and sunny, but flowers don't bloom nor sun shine when you've gone a little farther down under the shadows of the rocks. There are damp, dark gloom, and yawning

abysses of ruin. There are broken health and wrecked life and ruined souls. There are dishonor, and embezzlement, and suicide, grim horrors that wait the endings of revelry, and gambling, and high life.

And the descent is swift, though men know it not. The old stage driver, dying, shifted uneasily and muttered hastily, and when they sought to sooth him, cried in agony: "I am on the down grade and can't reach the brake." Call it trite and what you will, but it is true that fast life, bounding on in its increasing speed, will throw in a little the foot of control from the brake where you deem it so firmly set, and—the rocks are at the foot of the way. Stop while you can, my brother. There is another life whose path may be a little steeper, but its ending is among the stars.

GREED OF GAIN.

And there are other reasons and incentives that lie behind this crime of our life to-day that appeal to different parts of the nature sin essays to control. Perhaps more common than others, sin tempts men to dishonesty through greed of gain. When all men are gambling and the air is filled with the shouts of those who win, the young man, the clerk, the cashier, the trust-keeper, catches in natural result the spirit of the day. He is gain hungry; his needs can use what is almost sure to come from a venture. Why not try with a little investment from the safe, to be

replaced at once? Plenty of brokers to break him, plenty of shearers to shear him; plenty of thieves to rob him. He has simply followed the fashion, lost another's money and the breach is made, and must be covered up as long as it can, and then discovery, flight and ruin or penalty.

I want to say one word about

BROKERS..

I believe crime is courted through the readiness with which the iniquitous speculation of the day is carried on. Any one can invest anything, and the commission covers up all inconsistencies. It is a matter of fact that young men have invested thousands of dollars, manifestly not their own, in brokers' offices, and never been met with a word of inquiry or request as to identity. Money has been poured by defaulting bank clerks into brokers' hands, and accepted, as if from an acknowledged millionaire. Sooner or later the theft is discovered; the criminal indicted; the firm shoulder the loss, and the broker basks in complacent contentment. If we are going to sanction and license this "respectable gambling," let us at least free it from direct invitation to crime. Make every broker responsible for his dealings; make him satisfy himself as to the responsibility and individual means of the man for whom he negotiates a deal; make him liable for all loss, if he accepts money from any one whose position and possession make the

honesty of his means questionable; and stop this wholesale bargaining that goes on with mere boys and young men who complacently cast in thousands where they own hundreds, as they despoil the safe whose custody has been given to their honor.

HASTE FOR RICHES.

And of this spirit that lusts for gain, let me say that it is a part of that awful potency in our lives, the power of the present, the omnipotent influence of the now. Men have always been ready, and are still more so now, to Esau-like, sell all that is dearest and most priceless for a mess of pottage, because thus they may satisfy present need. The power of the temptation lies in its immediate satisfaction. The law of God is, wait. And the great temptation of the devil has always been the purchase of life for cash down. The attempt to forestall the future, to reap a harvest in sowing time, to eat fruit in the budding spring, to wear the palm without the dust, has always been the devil's suggestion, the mind's desire, the soul's ruin. And this temptation that lies behind not this alone, but so much of the sin of our life, must be felt in every heart at some time and in some way. Against it let me declare the saving truth of life, *to-day is not all*.

OUR POSSIBILITIES.

Magical in its influence, mad in its rush, wonderful in its possibilities, to-day is not all. There is

future beyond. A future with its years and ages; a future with its endless glory or its eternal gloom. But men forget this, and in madness fling themselves into the present, mortgage the hereafter and listen to the tempter's voice as he whispers "all the world will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." It is no vain offer:—sin keeps its promises; it pays cash, but its price is one brief day of opulence, and an endless hereafter of poverty and want; one brief hour a king,—a slave for all the years to come. Ah, my brothers, heed this I pray you all, young and old as well. To-day is not all. A future is yours, if you do not squander it. Remember, and do not, like Esau, eat the pottage that shall gratify a single hour, and then, though you seek it with tears, find your future's glory lost forever.

And you, young man, my brother, how of your life to-day? Is it honest, upright, true and clean, filled with the fear of God and the beauty of holiness; or are you tampering with evil, drifting into sin?

A FEARFUL SCENE.

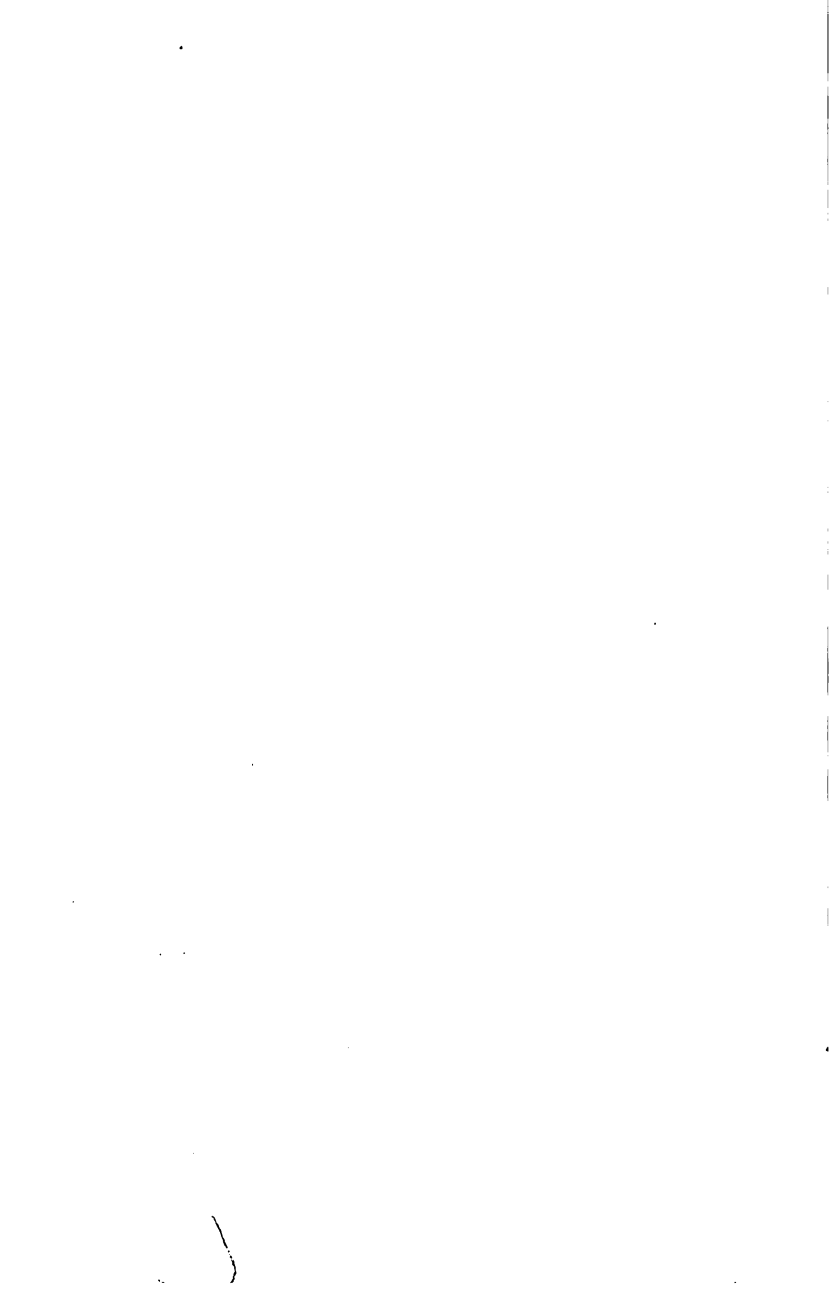
They shouted to a young man one day as he sat dancing in his boat on the river, "Be careful; the rapids are below you." He laughed and bent his brawny arm to the oar, and the light craft shot far among the ripples. He was so strong and stalwart in his young manhood. Still the sun shone and the ripples played, and he drifted along, idling on the river's breast. Again some one called, "Look out

for the rapids," but he laughed and spun his boat around in the limpid water, and still the sun shone, and the breeze slept in peace. The boat was going faster now, but the young man was strong and his arm was brawny and he laughed at fear and watched the bank that drifted away; and they shouted again, this time in terror, "You are in the rapids," and he laughed,—and started and caught his breath, and looked at the cold sky and swift speeding banks, and shouted back in frenzy, for the oar was swept along in the seething waters and the rocks below boiled and roared as in horrid glee. They cast a rope from the shore, but it fell short and swept away in the current's rush, and over the falls to cruel death the boat dashed with its oarsman strong and stalwart, who had laughed at fear.

Out over the seething waters of our life I cast to-day a cable strong as steel and long as love. Within the grasp of your hand it falls, and I bid you lay hold for your life. Cling close, and by it come to safety; hold fast, its strength will never fail, for it is tied yonder, about the Cross of Christ.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEVIL'S PRINTING PRESS.



THE DEVIL'S PRINTING PRESS.

"Can a man take fire into his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Can one go on hot coals and his feet not be burned?"—Prov. vi., 27-28.

When I attempt to speak to you to-day of the use the devil makes of the printing press, and the evil resultant therefrom, I realize that I am approaching by far the greatest potency in our civilization. There are few of us, perhaps, who ever stop to give a second thought to the colossal advancement of the past century, or if we do, it is only a thought, and it yields us no distinct impression or conception. In any line of industry to which we turn our thought, the strides have been so rapid from clumsiness and inefficiency to comparative perfection that we see a miracle shaping and developing itself before our eyes. Everywhere in earth and sky and sea are the footsteps of that astounding progress that seems each year to have reached its highest possibility, only the next to sweep far beyond.

BEWILDERING PROGRESS.

In nothing is this awful speed of attainment more manifest than in the growth and development of that art that is of all others the preserver and guardian. Four centuries ago, and the first book was displayed; credibly reported to have been produced by witches'

and magicians' secrets. To-day the world is filled around and running over with its offspring, and "still of making of books there is no end."

The first book printed in Europe had six hundred leaves, and it took nearly ten years to make it. Now books are written, printed, sold, read and forgotten in one-fourth the time. A single century ago, and a man well to do, thought himself fortunate if he had one book in this wild western world. To-day there are books in well kept rank upon almost every cottage shelf. It is little wonder that the powers of evil should have invaded the province of the influence of the book shelf and bound up in attractive colors and insidious page the poison of wickedness and sin.

AN ENDLESS TASK.

I might spend hours in no better way than taking in hand the lamp of God's word, and attempting to thread the devious way among the great mass of reading as in myriad volumes it closes around us, and mark this with a cross in token of approval, and this with a bar sinister as impure and unclean. But in this awful rush of our great cities' life the book is too heavy and cumbersome and long for the eager throng. Among thousands whose minds are intent upon business and whose life energies are bent to their toil, the book is only for those long separated intervals of rest that afford an opportunity for more than one long breath. The business man, the commercial employe, the laborer, the great average

class, have no time for books. It is only the morning hour, the breathing spell at noon, the evening time between toil and rest, the odd moment too short for anything but a glance at what must be words condensed, intelligence focused, the days' doings boiled down to the consistency of that omnipresent notifier, the child of modern rush and hurry, the newspaper. So everything is put in brief, easily handled, easily read, form and size.

ENDLESS VARIETY.

There are papers of every shape and for every use; daily, tri-daily and almost hourly, weekly and semi-weekly, monthly and quarterly, and filled with everything. You have no idea unless you have given it especial attention, of the magnitude and wondrous dimensions of the newspaper as a factor in civilization. You have little idea, unless you have studied it, of the influence, the formative power of this outwardly ephemeral agency upon human life. You have little idea, unless you have sought it, of the labor, the enterprise, the energy, the talent, the outlay necessary to plan and execute this gigantic result. You have little conception of the influence of the printing press, as an enlightener, as a pioneer of civilization, as a promoter, a creator, a conservator of purity and virtue; and you have little idea of the magnitude of the devil's work through this mighty agency, as in a thousand ways he uses it for pollution and ruin.

A BRIEF REVIEW.

Let us endeavor to gain some idea of the way in which the very world is deluged with the sheets of the press, and of the marvelous and constant increase of this means of gaining and conveying knowledge. The world has always had some such thing, and in a sense the newspaper is as old as man. It was an ingenious scribe whose boast I read the other day that Noah's dove was the first reporter, who brought to the inhabitants of the ark, in native's short-hand, the news of dry land. But the earliest history has traces of chronicles and news letters issued at certain intervals for the purpose of spreading information as to law and edict. The Grecian and Macedonian governments had these parchments sent by couriers to different sections of the kingdom, and the Roman senate issued the *Acta Diurna*, a daily journal of legislative proceedings. Early in the sixteenth century the state of Venice employed government scribes for like purposes, whose sheets were sold for a *gazetta*, a silver coin whose name became the designation of the paper in later times, and so our word gazette. The very word *news* is so old in its origin, no one ventures to give it a derivation, unless, indeed, it be made of the abbreviations of the cardinal points of the compass, and mean that which is gathered from the north, east, west and south.

THE GIANT'S BIRTH AND GROWTH.

In 1704 the Boston *News Letter* inaugurated the civilization of the press in this western hemisphere, and with speedy growth the present enormous product began its development. To the speedy and perfect production of the newspaper, every industry and every sort of talent has essayed to contribute.

In 1815 it was thought that vast attainments had been reached when a press was perfected that would print 750 impressions in an hour, but to-day the great newspaper offices resound with the clatter of half a dozen perfected presses that from a continuous web of paper, print on both sides, cut, paste, fold and address twenty thousand papers in a single hour. A single paper, the New York *Herald*, uses each week a thousand miles of white paper, five feet wide, and a hundred other papers are scarcely less in their consumption. In London the *Telegraph* prints every morning a quarter of a million copies, and in Paris the *Journal* has a daily circulation of six hundred thousand. Here in our own city there are two hundred thousand papers scattered to the public every day. And yet London and Paris and New York and Chicago are but four among as many hundred cities in the world. In Pekin there is a daily paper that has been issued every morning for one thousand years, giving the intelligence of the court. And so the figures of this gigantic industry grow incomprehensible in their vastness, save as we get them divided into something by way of com-

parison. Last year there were ten and one-half billions of newspapers printed in the world or over six copies to every inhabitant of the globe.

In the United States alone there were

TWO AND ONE-HALF BILLION

papers issued, or nearly thirty-seven to every inhabitant. Think of it a moment. A paper every ten days to every man, woman and child in America. You see now something of the extent of this gigantic thing we call the newspaper. You see the immense, the immeasurable possibilities of the press. You will not wonder at Wendell Phillips' words, "Let me make the newspapers of a country, and I care not who makes their religion or their laws." Napoleon saw and realized the immediate influence of the printed news page in busy, impetuous life, for he said "Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than an hundred thousand enemies," and Thomas Jefferson, who saw civilization among the clashing wheels of the printing-press, said, "I had rather live in a country with newspapers and no government, than in one possessed of a government and without newspapers." I have shown thus in a glance the magnitude of the newspaper that you might comprehend the possibilities of the devil, with the printing-press in his service.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

I have but a single duty at this time, and that is, to assail in the name of God, and of the right, the

impure, the tainted, the corrupt in our current literature. I might enter a field of discussion made prominent of late and attempt to restrict and criticise the daily press of our city and of the nation. In certain quarters it has been a matter of considerable assertion that the daily press of our cities is most notoriously corrupt, and that is the duty of every pulpit to cry out for its purification and reformation. I don't believe it. To audiences that outnumber all the pulpits of the land, our great metropolitan journals daily are preaching sobriety, temperance and virtue. It is true they chronicle crime and sin, but they are the current historians of the day, and while life is bad, its history will be of badness. They are the photographs of a little segment of life, and they take life's details. Here and there a sensational sheet becomes vulture like, and magnifies its search for the corrupt and the putrifying in crime, but the daily press in its tone, its morals, its tendencies, is far above the majority of the life that reads it. The pulpit needs to look to the press as it sends its great dailies by the million into the hands of the busy world, but it wants to become one with it by catching its spirit, coming in contact with the daily life of men, taking life at its worst, and realizing its needs, to join to the phenomenal leverage of the press the divine power of the Spirit of God, and thus lift men upward nearer God. Read the daily paper, young man. Learn from it all the history of human life you can. Find out its sin and its suffering, learn

from the word of God its possibility and its birth-right, and then with a practical religion, a consecrated common sense, above all, praying for divine guidance in all you do, begin right where you are, and building up your own life as you go, try to rid humanity of its sorrow, by leading it to cleansing for its sin. And in a score of years the daily press will show another photograph if one generation but do good service for the good and the true.

WHAT THE DEVIL USES.

But the devil has a channel by which he ruins life and character, in a specialty in the newspaper line that panders to the low and more bestial part of man's being. Broadcast over the land there are sown every day almost countless thousands of papers filled with the corrupt, lascivious, the impure, gathered from all the fact and fancy that a filthy mind can contrive. Facts that transpires often in the lowest slums of life are here placarded with all the embellishment of illustration and seductive coloring; language and recitals no man would read without a blush are hidden in its folds. It is a slimy, salacious mosaic of filth and wickedness, and yet go up and down the city streets and in every news-dealer's window and on every corner stand they are spread out for inspection and sale.

The traffic is more widespread than you dream of, and the devil's newspaper go where you never imagine. In a former chapter we have given a few

facts and figures on this awful traffic, but words can not tell nor pen depict the unspeakable filth that is contained in them or the seductive words and pictures by which they are impressed upon the minds of our young people.

The next step higher in this pestilential product of the press is the sensational, vicious story of the day. Not even worth the name of a novel, it is a lot of slang, and profanity and crime strung together in recital, highly seasoned by romantic situations and dramatic tragedy. Absolutely depraving in its character, villifying in its influence, breeding thoughts and purposes and plans exactly in accord with its own recital, this sort of thing has a monstrous circulation to-day. A half a million a week of boys' and young men's story papers, and nickel libraries, and yellow-backed pamphlets, pour out to poison and degenerate human life.

The next grade is a trifle better, but eminently useless and enfeebling in its influence on the mind, and worse in its effect on morals and life. It is made up of the wishy-washy, Frenchy, overdrawn, sensational story, that fills up the immense group of *Fireside Friends*, our *Young Ladies' Companions*, that with promises of continued, thrilling and exciting stories running through the whole year, tempt the curiosity of such numberless lives. Sift out the best ones as really entitled to a better classification and the remainder is still beyond belief. Always up with civilization, generally a step ahead, the

devil has used the printing press well, and made it efficient in his hands for sin and ruin and death.

Now these are

FACTS FOR OUR THOUGHT.

Our consideration has never been brought to them before. They may demand your thought, father and mother, as they reveal to you the snares about the footsteps of your child. They demand your attention, young man and young woman, as I call upon you to make the best possible use of your time, and make the most out of heart and brain. They demand of all of us, that if we are true to the Master whom we claim, our part is to battle against the hurtful and the impure wherever we discover its presence.

In the name of God, I lift my voice against the devilish, the bestial, the impure in our literature. Against it I demand of you as you do your part, of all who may read these words, the strong arm of the law. So long as such things, and worse,—for believe me I am not yet at the bottom of the filth and the abomination that comes from the printing-press,—so long as such things can exist, our children and the world are not safe from their pollution. They are devilish abomination for spiritual death. No man has the right to take your life, or to attack your property and destroy it, but shall men have the right to hurl into the ranks of youth and the hearts of men these bombs loaded with death?

THE BULWARK OF LAW.

I rejoice that here and there a city government has prohibited the sale or distribution of this filthy merchandise. Why need any one go unpunished who shall deal in such destruction? Infidelity espouses its defense. When the notorious Bennett was incarcerated for even worse filth and abomination than this, the petition of liberals, free thinkers, as they called themselves, presented to the President for his release, and the petition that the law of Congress excluding filthy and obscene literature from the United States mails be repealed, were both headed by Robt. G. Ingersoll, the self-styled champion of human rights.

Our Christianity is too timid to-day. It needs some fire and snap of courage to close in a struggle with these evils and devices of sin, and in the name of God and right crush them, and lead their champions to the penalty of an outraged law. It needs to get down to this plane of daily life and its dangers, and become thus a power that shall shake and conquer the strong holds of sin.


ARE YOU READY TO DO YOUR PART?

Are you brave enough to speak and to do what you believe? And parents, fathers and mothers of our homes, watch what your children read. In an unguarded moment there may creep in the tares of the enemy. A single bad book may ruin your boy for life; a single bad picture may rob your

daughter of purity and you of peace. Clean out the fountain from which your children drink, and watch it more carefully that it have no taint. The world is full of that which is good and pure, as well as the bad and false. Be not content to let your children choose for themselves, but choose for them the good and the pure and the true.

LIFE IS SHORT.

Far too short to waste a moment of it. Life is sacred. Far too sacred to trifle in any way. Life is trust. A sacred trust for which we shall render account. Mind and brain and talent are ours to improve, not merely to keep and sustain. Of this great mass of reading let me say but this. I have no rule by which you may cull and choose, only this, read nothing that has not in it food for growth. You may have not much time for reading. Business and labor and toil are all exacting, and your time for mental culture is but short. Let what you read be the best. Not irksome nor too erudite, but healthy, sound food for mental growth. You ask for rest in your reading! Well and good, but rest is not enervation and decay. Rest is a means to healthy growth and development, and not eating chaff and draining vital force. The good book, the useful prayer, the pure and healthful treatise are rest; the sensational story, the trashy literature, the doubtful tone are means of disease and decay. Shun them, because they are not alone negative, but



positive in their hurt. Seek that which is best, and which give you solid and firm foundations of opinions and knowledge.

AVOID

that which can only breed in thought, and then in wish that is father to the deed, the pollution and the leprosy of sin. Avoid that which, however flowery it seem, has not the solidity of strength about it. Realize the reality of life; realize the priceless value of its opportunities, and make your reading, instead of a waste of energy and time, a channel of strengthening life-giving food. And so let the flood of evil and nonsense and trash be met and dashed back upon itself in ruin. Against every bad book let a good book go; against every impure paper let a pure one be hurled; let Christian brains, and Christian talent and Christian money, whirl still faster the wheels that shall scatter light and knowledge in the world. Against every black horse of hell, let a white charger of purity and heaven ride forth, and with the Christian, the moral and the honest of the world arrayed but once in solid battalion, let the battle rage, for victory is the certain issue for those who fight under the banner of the King of Heaven.

And for a guide and an inspiration let the word of God go forth. You may be erudite in the wisdom of the world, but I tell you as this old-fashioned book of wisdom is slipped from beneath it, in speedy

declension does the literature and the thought of the century become corrupt and depraved. Let the presses thunder on in still more rapid speed, that scatter about the sacred volumes of this word of God. Where they come among the weary nations they are as white-winged doves of purity and peace. And let it be the foundation of your mental as well as your moral and spiritual culture. Listen to the voice of the best thought of the age, and be convinced that human achievement shall never outrun the magnificence and the beauty of this parent volume of the world.

THE WORD OF GOD.

Do you seek for the ideal of historical exactness; the consummation of poesy and the exquisite touch of music and song; do you delight in the orotund tones of grandeur and sublimity, or seek for the weird and mystical, in allegory and symbol; do you delight in the fine linked logic of reason, in the elaborate philosophy of things, or in a more practical turn of mind, do you search for the ethics, of a plain daily life? Open the leaves of the long unused word of your God, and sit at the feet of the historians of the universe. Follow the pastorals of the Shepherd King, and listen to the bursts of Levite choirs; watch the panoramic unfoldings of the prophets, dwell upon the maxims of the wise King. Strive to grasp in a thought the philosophy of the Apostle to the Gentiles, and out-argue if you can his syllogisms

of providence and power. Or if you need but that which shall set the bounds of what we call our daily life, go and stand by the side of the Man whose wisdom was of heaven, and hear His maxims, and mark His footsteps. Read the Bible, young man. Not as a religious duty, but as a mental instruction, a practical education, a business training. Write its maxims on your heart, grave its truth as upon the palms of your hands, and amid the dangers, the pitfalls, the snares where so many fall victims, in the face of the devil and all his arts and wiles, you shall find a pathway opening before you, furnished with the light and lamp of truth, whose farther ending, like Jacob's vision ladder, shall be at the gates of heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

**CUT RATES ;
OR,
THE WAGES OF SIN.**



CUT RATES ;

OR,

THE WAGES OF SIN.

“ So he paid the fare thereof and went.”—*Jonah, 1:3.*

These words are about the only trace we have of the fact that human nature has always been very much the same, and that transportation companies had ticket schedules a thousand years B. C., as well as in this year of grace. Whether they had stock to water, or pools to break, or cut rates in competition, we do not know, but at any rate we have here Jonah, the prophet of the Lord, slinking away from a duty laid upon him, paying his fare and starting for Tarshish. God had said, “ Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry out against it.” To go to Nineveh meant a burdensome duty in the name of the Lord; to go to Tarshish meant, Jonah imagined, an escape from what was a task ; so he paid his fare and went, only to find that it was a wonderfully expensive trip, and brought him neither pleasure nor escape.

A FOOLISH ACTION.

I thought of this little adventure of one who, though a prophet, was very much a man, when I read in a half a dozen ticket offices the laconic legend: "Cut rates to all points west; \$1.00 to Council Bluffs;" and I thought of it still more when I heard of the thoughtless young man who rushed away on that one dollar rate, and forgot all about getting back until he found his purse too small to buy his ticket. It was easy enough to get to Council Bluffs, to get back was the trouble, and the one dollar was a dear fare after all.

When you put the two things together you may at once perceive that I want to talk to you to-night about the fares that some men pay along this journey we call life.

THE TWO PATHS.

First of all let us say this, that there are just two great lines, along which all men travel, the line of duty and the line of duty's disregard. That there are many modes of travel is true enough—land routes and sea routes; palace trains and stage coaches; fast and slow; elegant and commonplace, but after all, taking count of many ways and means, men stand to-day in two great divisions. On the one hand those who know duty and follow it; who realize the call of conscience, of truth, of God, and give heed to the summons; who, no matter where they may be, are ever pressing onward toward a great

final goal. On the other hand those, the shirkers, the neglectful, the idlers, who are as surely, though slowly it may be, slipping downward in ambition and in life. They are two great divisions, the one for the Nineveh of duty done, the other for the Tarshish of duty neglected and fled. This is

NOT A NEW THEORY,

Or a stock in trade for theorizing, but a fact of daily life. The whole great mass of society divide themselves so, by the daily choices and actions of their lives. So in business—the one class heed the admonition of thrift as a religious duty, and “not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,” they make success. The other, careless, trifling, thriftless, make eventually failure. So in all the arts and occupations of life; there are simply two armies; moving with different speed, surely, but with but two directions, the one to success, and duty’s satisfaction, the other to failure, and duty’s disregard. In the final division there are just these same two great divisions in things moral and spiritual. That there are degrees of morality and grades of spirituality is of course most true; but with greater or less impetus all life is moving in one of two directions, upward, improving and growing in graces of mind and spirit, or downward, degenerating in morals and spirituality. Such a thing as equipoise is impossible in the world alike of nature and of

spirit. Life must either grow and develop and ripen, or degenerate and wither and decay.

"PAY YOUR FARE."

This being true, it follows that in this advancement toward certain goals of perfectness, there are means and ways of growth, and that growth is proportioned to the means employed. In other words, to keep up the simile of the journey, you must pay a price for attainment, you must pay a fare for your travel. And most often it is a price of exertion, of earnest, continued effort, often of self-denial, of most severe discipline; often of struggle and conflict, but the price paid, the end is gained, the fare provided, the journey is accomplished. There are some of you who know what this means. Few men are born, in these days at least, with silver spoons in their mouths. And that old legend of geniuses being born is fading away before the more practical deliverance that genius means simply hard work. To attain anything that the world values means a price; to advance in my journey I must pay my fare. I say you know what this means. There are memories of hard toil, of stern discipline, of earnest struggle, as every step has been made through life; and though you have not made a progress that has brought you far up the mountain side, you know that before you gain the summits of golden splendor and peace there is many a stern, and may be sterner, conflict still to come.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM.

You have read Bunyan's Pilgrim, and the lesson brings us face to face with this great fact, that religious advancement and spiritual progress are attained by like means. Pilgrim climbed, and fought, and struggled all the way, until the bells of the celestial city rang their welcome to his coming, and so must you and I. The journey has its stages, and each step has its fare to pay.

DELUSIVE "CUT RATES."

Just here comes the fact that there are cut rates, offers that with tempting allurements seem to promise a marvelous escape from so exacting a schedule of price to pay.

That it is a besetting sin, innate in human hearts, to want the greatest result from the least endeavor, needs no argument. Men want the greatest harvest from the smallest sowing, and you never knew a farmer who was not incessantly scolding over the leanness of his soil and the fewness of his bushels. Men want usury above the husbandman of the Master's parable, and you never knew a money-lender but was losing money, to hear him tell it. And the powers of evil, knowing, oh, so keenly, this sad fault of human life, make it the constant target of assault. And here a single fact may stand for all history. Yonder, in the Quarantanian Desert stands One whose form, so manifestly human, has yet a bearing

that is divine. From His baptism He has come, in solitude and meditation, to look out upon the work that lay before Him in the world. For a mission He had come ; and though divine, and thus above all pain, He is yet a man, shrinking from the burden of the coming years. He has a journey to make—a life work to do. A great end is to be attained ; is to be, if its conditions are satisfied, if its price be paid ; but it is a fearful price ; a long ministry of agony, of self-crucifixion, of suffering ; a stern, unyielding conflict. Behold, the Devil tempts Him : “ All these will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.” That offer meant all it said, and somewhere the power was present to keep the tempter’s pledge. What was it ? A great cut rate ! A temptation to neglect duty, to escape service, to avoid toil ; the old temptation of sin, yet new every day. The tempter whispers and says : “ You want success ; you crave happiness ; you want peace. Look before you. There are long years of ceaseless struggle ; there are long days of sternest self-denial ; life is one long stretch of conflict, and then it is only a promise of peace. Come a short cut, a cut rate. Why this awful price ? Why this unending, ceaseless conflict ? Behold, all these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me ; all these will I give thee now ; ” and millions hear that talismanic word, and in the hope of to-day, follow the promise that tells of life’s goal by a short route, and at a small price.

THE TEMPTER'S GUISE.

In what myriad guise comes the tempter. To the young man he speaks, and the years that seemed so grand in possibility grow gloomy and dark. Success may come, but after what years of toil ; after what stern denials and discipline. It is dishonest, this temptation, but it is a cut rate ; it means wealth speedily ; success to-day. Alas ! there are many Esaus to-day, who, hungry for what life promises as its final goal, cry in their greed : " I am at the point to die ; give me, I pray thee, this same red pottage."

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The parable of our busy life may stand for a great fact of that higher line of life and action. Let this temptation be yielded to, and it is folly to say that it does not keep its promises. Sin always pays its pledge ; the deception is in the fleeting duration of to-day. Sin promises its reward now, and then turns life out to an eternal starvation in the future. The temptation is pleasure, enjoyment, happiness. Sin keeps its promise, and gives pleasure, revelry and joy ; but, satiated, the soul after a while begins to realize that pleasure is a small part of life. Then, there comes to every soul that has fallen victim to such a snare, the consciousness of the awful cost of a return over the way whose going was so cheaply bought.

THE END OF SUCH A JOURNEY.

I cannot but think that some of us have gone on such journeys. I cannot but think that some of us have listened to this temptation to shirk duty, to sell out the future, to gratify the present. Fortune? Maybe it has come, all you dreamed of and hope for, though bought by a stain. Happiness? Of a kind, sensual, physical, fleeting. Peace? Is it true? The peace of indifference, of callous negligence; but not the peace of God. The cost has been great in time. Of how great value and how little heeded and how squandered is this gift of time. It is so common a thing that we forget its value. You have gone astray, dear friend; you say, not far. How much time have you paid for your journey? What has it cost you in opportunity? How often do I hear such bitter answers as these: Oh, if I had only taken my chances! When I was a young man I had as bright an outlook as any man ever hoped for, but, fool that I was, I let it go. I was wild and reckless, and taken up with pleasure, and to-day, past my middle life, I am a drudge, serving for my daily bread. Nor is it less true in the things of spirit. How often, in earlier life, came the incentives, the helps, to a life whose growth should be upward and onward? To-day, I charge you, is it not so? The calls are few, the way seems steep, and there are not the helps of younger life on which to lean. You chose the gayer pathway then; you bought the easier way; to-day you learn its cost.

AN INFINITE COST.

Why need we count more ? Already the cost is infinite. The cheap rate, the easy way of duty disregarded, was but the smallest, most infinitesimal part. It was easy to get to one's destination, but at what a cost is the return. I need not pause to argue, to explain, to appeal for the future. Let to-day, with its tempting pleasure, its satisfied ambition, make no swerve in the straight lines of duties met and done. Live for the days to come ; live for eternity.

A DREADFUL PICTURE.

There rises a picture of the days long gone. I see the Eternal City, with its majestic civilization, its imperial splendor. I see Rome's great Coliseum, thronging with thousands, eager to see the spectacles. Below, a stretch of sand ; above, a sea of faces ; from far within yon grated bars a wild beast's savage roar. I see the gladiators step forth into the arena, and as with firm set step they march to the centre of the arching galleries they stop, and holding aloft their swords they exclaim : "*Ave Imperator ! morituri salutamus.*" " Hail, Cæsar ! we who are about to die salute you."

So from this sanctuary of God do you step forth again into the arena of life. As the pleasures, the ambitions, the temptations of life beckon you astray from the path of duty and of duty's God, be it yours to say, " I, who am about to die, salute you." So living, life shall be incorruptible, for over it the world shall have no power. So living, life shall be eternal, for God shall own it His forever.

A Most Appropriate Gift Book for
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

Fifty Years and Beyond;

OR

OLD AGE AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.

A Book of Incalculable Value as well as Interest to all
who have passed the Meridian of Life.

Compiled by REV. S. G. LATHROP.

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. ARTHUR EDWARDS, D. D.,

Editor N. W. Christian Advocate.

The object of this volume is to give to that great army who are fast hastening toward the "great beyond" some practical hints and helps as to the best way to make the most of the remainder of *the life that now is*, and to give comfort and help as to the life that is to come.

They are the writings of the most eminent men, living and dead. It is by no means a gloomy book, and can be marked as excellent on every page.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

It is a tribute to the Christianity that honors the gray head and refuses to consider the oldish man a burden or an obstacle. The book will aid and comfort every reader.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The selections are very precious. Springing from such numerous and pure fountains, they can but afford a refreshing and healthful draught for every aged traveller to the great beyond.—*Witness.*

Price, Bound in rich cloth, 400 pages, - \$1.00

" Presentation edition, gilt edges, - - 1.50

Few Books of a Religious Character have been
accorded such Hearty and Universal En-
dorsement from all Denominations.

The New, Enlarged and Authorized Edition of a Remarkable Work.

❖ THE CHRISTIAN'S ❖
SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE
28th THOUSAND.

BAPTIST COMMENDATION.

"We are delighted with this book. It reaches to the very core of Christian experience, and is eminently experimental in its teachings. It meets the doubts and difficulties of conscientious seekers after the bread and water of life, but whose efforts result only in alternate failure and victory. The author, without claiming to be a theologian, sends out the results of a happy and rich experience to help others into a happy Christian life."—*Baptist Weekly*.

PRESBYTERIAN ENDORSEMENT.

"The book is so truly and reverentially devout in its spirit that it disarms criticism. It contains so much that is sound and practical, so much that, if heeded, will make our lives better, happier and more useful, that the intelligent reader who really wishes to lead a life 'hid with Christ in God,' can scarcely fail to derive profit from its perusal."—*Interior*.

METHODIST WORD OF PRAISE.

"We have not for years read a book with more delight and profit. It is not a theological book. No effort is made to change the theological views of anyone. The author has a rich experience, and tells it in a plain and delightful manner."—*Christian Advocate*.

UNITED BRETHREN'S APPROVAL.

"We have seldom met with a more interesting volume, abounding throughout with apt illustrations; we have failed to find a dry line from title-page to finish."—*Religious Telescope*.

CONGREGATIONAL COMMENT.

"It contains much clear, pungent reasoning and interesting incident. It is a practical and experimental lesson taught out of God's word, and is worthy of universal circulation."—*Church Union*.

This enlarged edition is a beautiful large 12mo volume of 240 pages.

Price in Cloth, Richly Stamped, - - - \$1.00

Paper Cover Edition, - - - - - .50

Special terms for quantities for gratuitous distribution made known on application.

AUTHORIZED WORKS BY D. L. MOODY.

The Way to God, and How to Find It.

It puts the way so plainly that "he who runs may read."—*Religious Telescope*.

An excellent manual for the soul-winner and the awakened sinner, which we trust will be the means of leading thousands to Christian life and heaven.—*Zion's Herald*.

Heaven, and How to Get There.

While adapted to the humblest capacity, it will command the attention of the mature and thoughtful.—*National Presbyterian*.

Secret Power; or, The Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work.

Every page is full of stimulating thought for Christian workers.

—*Christian Common Wealth*.

Twelve Select Sermons.

With the effect of these addresses, when spoken, the whole land is acquainted, and now that they are printed, they will tend to keep in force the impression they have already made.—*Methodist*.

The above books, with rich black and gold side stamp, very hand-

somely bound, each, - - - - - 60c.

Cheap edition, paper covers, each, - - - - - 30c.

How to Study the Bible. Revised. A valuable little work which should be carefully read and studied by all who desire to enjoy the study of the Word. Cloth flexible, - - - - - \$0 15

Paper cover, - - - - - 0 10

Per dozen, paper, - - - - - 1 00

The Way and the Word.

Paper, - - - - - 0 15

Cloth, - - - - - 0 25

Comprising "Regeneration" and "How to Study the Bible."

Second Coming of Christ (The). By D. L. Moody. Revised from original notes.

32 Pages and cover, - - - - - 0 10

Per dozen, - - - - - 1 00

There are three great facts foretold in the Word of God: FIRST.

That Christ should come; that has been fulfilled. SECOND. That the Holy Ghost should come; that was fulfilled at Pentecost, and the Church is able to testify to it by its experience of His saving grace. THIRD. The return of our Lord from Heaven; for this we are told to watch and wait, "till He come."—*Extract*.

Inquiry Meetings. By Messrs. Moody and Whittle. Comprising "How to Conduct Inquiry Meetings," by D. L. Moody, and "The Use of the Bible in Inquiry Meetings," by D. W. Whittle. 40 pages and cover. Price, - - - - - \$0 15

Per dozen, - - - - - 1 25

The Full Assurance of Faith. A most convincing and helpful little book upon one of Mr. Moody's favorite themes.

Price, paper cover, 15c.; Cloth, flexible, gilt stamp, 15c.

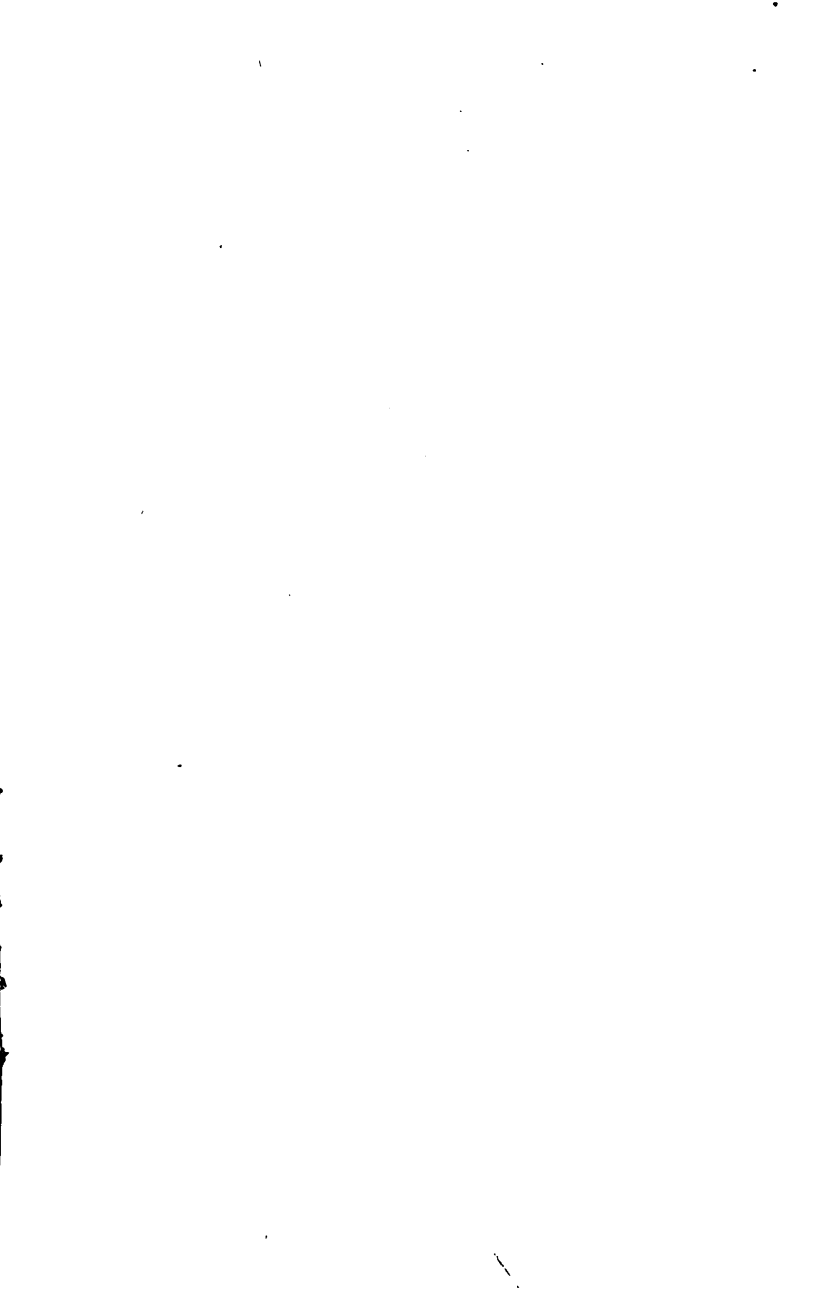
Daniel, The Prophet. A series of addresses on the life of Daniel.

Price, in paper covers, 20c.; cloth, flexible, 40c.

CHICAGO: F. H. REVELL, 148 & 150 MADISON ST.

Any of the above sent post free to any address on receipt of price.

H S





MAY 19 1930

